The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1898.

The Week.

The rumors circulated last week that a fresh call for volunteers would be issued soon are renewed. The reasons for it given in the Washington dispatches to the *Tribune* are two in number: first, that the capture of the Philippine Islands was not anticipated when the call for volunteers was issued, and that the necessity for sending 15,000 soldiers to that quarter has greatly crippled the proposed expedition to Cuba; second, that the help expected from the Cuban insurgents is not to be depended upon, because the insurgent army is a mythical organization. As regards the latter, there has been a great disillusionment. From thirty-five thousand men (Senator Proctor's estimate) it has dropped by degrees to not more than thirty-five hundred, probably much less. "For nearly two years," says the *Tribune's* dispatch, "positive assertions had been numerous that the Cubans, with merely the moral encouragement of the United States through a recognition of belligerency, would quickly accomplish their own independence. Within the last month the falsity of these assertions has been demonstrated to the complete satisfaction of the authorities here, and, through the reports of regular army officers who have recently made reconnoissances in the island, it is now definitely known that little or no assistance from the vaunted 'armies of liberation' need be expected." In other words, we are compelled to proceed upon the basis of the fact that there is a Spanish army of 80,000 trained and acclimated and thoroughly loyal soldiers in the island, and no opposing force worth mention.

The sudden desire of so many sons of Senators and Representatives and other political magnates to serve their country as captains and majors stationed in Washington, shows how determined the Government is, in all its branches, to prosecute the war with vigor and in a way most to do good to friends while most harming the enemy. These young men may be valorous and patriotic above all others, but there is something uncanny about the way in which their superior merits have been so promptly discerned by their own fathers and their fathers' political friends. Some one should let the President know what wry faces are made by people in general, and particularly by officers in the regular army, over these appointments by favor. The affair is but the worse for the fact that many retired army officers are available for these appointments in the volunteer force, and are willing and even eager to serve their country in any capacity. Prevented by absurd laws from being called upon for service in the regular army, as retired naval officers may be and are called upon, they would be eligible for the appointments flung to the Congressmen and the bosses, and would certainly be able to perform the duties of their office at last as well as "Captains" Sewell and Brice and the other sons of their fathers.

The war has upset all of Bryan's plans, and he has had a hard time trying to adapt himself to the new conditions. At first he attempted to keep the Cuban business in the background by shouting "sixteen to one" more loudly than ever, but he soon found that even his voice was unequal to this task. Then he began to consider how he could get into the army in some spectacular way. The happy thought struck him of offering his services to the President, with the expectation that his successful rival would offer him a major-generalship, or something of that sort; but Mr. McKinley was able to get out of this dilemma by confining these appointments to men who had behind them the military service which Bryan lacked. Then he conceived the idea of enlisting as a private at his home in Nebraska, and having his comrades first elect him captain of his company, from which position he could presently be promoted to the colonelcy; but so much opposition developed to this scheme at the start that he had to withdraw his name from the canvass, and the Populist Governor will now have to "jump" him to the command of the regiment, after the manner denounced by all good Populists as intolerable.

The President of the Louisiana Board of Health recently wrote to the supervising Surgeon-General of the United States Marine Hospital Service, asking what measures are contemplated by the United States Government to prevent the introduction of yellow fever and smallpox by troops, seamen, and others returning from Cuba, and informing him that the State Board holds that the quarantine regulations of Louisiana should be fully complied with, so that even troops coming through after the close of the regular quarantine season should submit to thorough disinfection of their clothing and baggage, lest such clothing and baggage should be the cause of infection in the following summer. Surgeon-General Wyman replied that the United States Government proposes that all returning troops shall be subject to quarantine inspection, and that provision will be made for the detention and disinfection of suspected persons and effects. A representative of the United States Marine Hospital Service will be detailed in every Cuban port occupied by United States troops, to take such measures as may be possible to prevent persons with infectious diseases, or articles that may be infected, from leaving the port, and to give the quarantine officers at the ports of arrival all necessary information with regard to the same. The officers of the fleet will also be instructed to pay special attention to small craft which make from Cuba and attempt irregular landing at places in the United States, and to carry such craft to the nearest quarantine station for disinfection and detention. By these and other precautions it is hoped that the danger of introducing yellow fever into the United States through military operations may be minimized, but it is conceded that here is a serious risk growing out of war which few thought of beforehand.

We have not yet observed any thorough discussion, either in the Senate or in the press, of two provisions in the Senate revenue bill which are enough to stamp the entire measure as iniquitous. There are two branches of the banking industry which have been exempted, by the common consent of civilized states, from onerous taxation. These two are the business of savings institutions and of mutual life insurance, and the reason for the exemption is plain. Both are in their nature benevolent institutions, and both do business in the main with the hard-earned savings of citizens who have little to spare, but who, by an instinct of self-sacrifice, lay by that little against the chances of the future. We cannot do better than to quote the clauses of the Senate act which refer to these two industries. "Every person, firm, company, or corporation," says the bill, "engaged in the business of banking, shall pay a special excise tax which shall be equal to one-forty-eighth of one per centum each month upon the average amount of the deposits of money subject to payment by check or draft." This, of course, strikes at the savings bank. Moreover, "every person, firm, company, or corporation who shall own or conduct or have the care or management of any business for life, fire, marine, or accident insurance . . . shall pay a special annual excise tax equivalent to one-fourth of one per centum of the gross amount of all the receipts from premiums and assessments collected." There appears to be no exemption or exception. Life companies have been taxed on capital and surplus, but never before, so far as we are aware, on every premium received. With such

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clauses in the bill, it is scarcely necessary to advert to the bearing of the "deposit tax" on the banking business generally. This tax was, of course, conceived on the theory that banking is a source of boundless wealth to its promoters, whereas most people know that the annual tax of one-quarter per cent. on deposits would in unfavorable years exhaust the entire profits of a number of smaller institutions—unless, indeed, they were able to recoup themselves through higher rates on loans.

The discussions of the war-revenue bill in the Senate are doing at least this good, that they bring to light some elementary principles of taxation which have been long obscured in this country. Senators complain that this or that proposed tax will be "burdensome." Somebody will have to pay it, will know that he is paying it, will not like it, will grumble, will, perhaps, even begin to doubt the supernal wisdom of Senators who lay the tax. Such is the result of years of teaching that taxes for Federal purposes are something that no American has to pay. The foreigner pays them, they come secretly and automatically out of the "general business of the country," they flow into the Treasury like the gentle rain from heaven—the Treasurer peeps in, and there is the money, he knows not whence—but no citizen ever puts his hand in his pocket and forks over to the general Government. This has been our complacent theory, which the indirect operation of protective taxes has given the demagogue a show of reason for asserting, and the ignorant a plausible ground for believing. What abuses and extravagances have sheltered themselves behind this opinion we all know. If there had been a perfectly clear relation between every inflated pension bill and the margin of saving of each citizen, we should not have seen what we have seen. But the war and the Dingley deficit combined are giving us saner notions. Taxes are so much taken from the wealth of the nation, and the process by which it is taken cannot be concealed when a resort to direct levies has to be made as now. Let us hope the lesson will not be forgotten before the next war comes to teach it over again.

The scheme to rush through the annexation of Hawaii as a "war measure" caps the climax of absurdity, but that is no reason why it should not be popular with members of Congress. Its advocates claim that Speaker Reed and Representative Johnson of Indiana are the only men on the Republican side in the House who have not been carried off their feet by it, and they predict the easy passage of a joint resolution through that branch. But it will be another matter to secure the concurrence of the Senate. Mr. White of California, who has been a persistent opponent of annexation from the start, serves notice that no snap judgment can be secured. He claims that the power to admit a Territory or dependency by resolution is doubtful, and points out that, while Texas came in by resolution, it was admitted as a State under a provision of the Constitution expressly giving Congress the right to admit new States. He promises that this and many more equally cogent arguments will be elaborated whenever the subject shall be publicly debated, and well says that "the sensible thing to do is to suspend further proceedings on the subject of annexation until the war with Spain is over, and we face the new problems resulting from our success at arms." With Senators occupying this position, there seems ground for hope that we may be spared the scandal of seeing Hawaii taken in through an abuse of the war power.

The action of a Prohibition State convention is usually dismissed as a matter of no consequence, but it is not beyond the range of possibility that the body which met at Harrisburg on Friday may have put at the head of its ticket the man who will be the next Governor of Pennsylvania. Last year the Rev. Dr. S. C. Swallow, running only as the candidate of the Prohibitionists for State Treasurer in an "off year," polled nearly 120,000 votes, and carried a number of counties. He was then unknown and the nominee of a party which had no effective organization. The campaign which he made last year attracted the notice of the whole State, and insured his hearty support (if he should be in the field again this year) by a host of voters who felt that they did not know enough about him to enlist in his cause at first. Many leading Independents some weeks ago organized "the Honest-Government party," and made Dr. Swallow their candidate, with "Thou shalt not steal" as the rallying-cry of the campaign. The Prohibitionists were, of course, only too glad to nominate him again in their convention on Friday, and most of their platform was devoted to the cause of reform in State government.

It seems to us that the duty of every friend of good government in Pennsylvania is to support Dr. Swallow. Mr. Wanamaker has done excellent work, for which he deserves the highest praise, in exposing the corruption of Quay rule; but he is, to speak plainly, an impossible candidate for independent voters to support. The reason is that, although he now charges and demonstrates that the machine despotism has been intolerable for many years, he has invariably supported the candidates of the machine, and only a few years ago raised an immense sum of money for Quay to use in a Presidential campaign. The man who is to make a fight for honest government in the future must be a man who has had no relations with the dishonest government of the past. Dr. Swallow is such a man, and he has, besides, an unlimited supply of courage, enthusiasm, and proselyting power. That he believes in the policy of prohibition of the liquor traffic is, for the purposes of the pending campaign, a matter of no consequence. Prohibition could be introduced in Pennsylvania only by legislative enactment, and a majority of lawmakers in favor of that policy is out of the question. We can see no reason, therefore, why the anti-Quay Republicans whom Mr. Wanamaker has been organizing, and the anti-Quay newspapers, of which the Philadelphia *Ledger* is most conspicuous, should not support Dr. Swallow, and, with the help of Democrats, hardly less disgusted with the tone of management in their party, elect him.

The Mayor of New York has taken possession of the police force for the benefit of the Croker Bossocracy, and has done it in good Tammany style. The only sign of weakness which he exhibited in the performance was in giving a public explanation of it; but as this was mainly a defiance of the respectable portion of the public and a notification that he has a majority of the voters of the city surely behind him, this does not count for much. He says he will hold his office and administer the government in the way he has been doing till the end of his term, when he is sure the people will elect him to the bench "by the largest majority ever given to a candidate in this city." In other words, he claims that, in taking possession of the police for Tammany purposes, he is carrying out the will of the people who put him in office, and that hence nobody has any right to complain. We do not see how any one can dispute this successfully. There was no disguise whatever about the Croker-Van Wyck campaign. Van Wyck was selected by Croker, put in the field by Croker, and run for Mayor on the open platform of the restoration of Tammany rule as it existed prior to the Tammany overthrow in 1894. No political organization ever conducted a campaign with so complete an absence of humbug as Mr. Croker conducted this. He said that Van Wyck was his man, and Van Wyck was content to stand as his man. After election, Croker at once took upon himself the business of organizing the new government, and in this operation also the Mayor was content to act as his man. In due course of time Croker decided that he must have possession of the police force for purposes which need not to be mentioned, and he went to Europe leaving

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orders with his man to take possession. These have now been carried into execution.

Mississippi, as we show in another column, has practically disfranchised the black majority of voters who once ruled the State, but the white minority finds that something else is necessary to secure good government. Democratic newspapers are publishing most serious charges against the men who are now in power and the methods which they employ. One such journal declares the administration of affairs during the past two years the most unsatisfactory Mississippi has had since the Democrats came into power after the reconstruction period. The Jackson correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* pronounces the situation "deplorable"; says that "taxes are higher than since the black vampires of radicalism—Ames and his minions—were choked from the neck of the commonwealth"; and makes these further counts in the indictment against the present administration—the absence of public improvements; the issuance of $400,000 of "interest-bearing bonds in times of profound peace"; the appropriation of $200,000 to feed a depleted treasury and to pay the expenses of the State government; the imminent closing of the Industrial Institute and College or the calling of another extra session to keep it open, at the cost of, perhaps, $40,000 more; and the spending of thousands of dollars in discussing resolutions to investigate official drunkenness in high place. This is certainly a pretty bad showing for that "Caucasian rule" from which so much was promised after the carpet-baggers were expelled and the negroes were disfranchised.

The sketch of Mr. Gladstone's career by James Bryce, which we print on another page, leaves us little to say beyond giving reasons why Americans should share in the English mourning, and cry that from among us also a great figure has gone out. During sixty years of public life Gladstone lived in essentially the same religious and political atmosphere as ourselves. He shared most of our political and religious ideals. He shared all, or nearly all, our legal and political traditions. He was, in early life, as Macaulay said, "the rising hope of the stern and unbending Tories," but long before he had closed his career he had identified himself with all the great hopes and expectations with which we in this country, whether rightly or wrongly, are in the habit of surrounding human progress and destiny. He embraced with ardor the creed which makes the popular comfort and welfare the chief end of statesmanship. He cast aside all traditions and habits which made anything but the condition of the masses a legislator's chief concern. And he did this at much sacrifice of associates, of reputation, of influence. During all his later years he was deserted by most of his earlier political friends. But, much obloquy as he endured, no record ever leaped to light that brought him to shame or dishonor. It was a character of many defects and blemishes, but it was a singularly pure one. In running through that rare body of biography of illustrious men which has issued from the English press during the last fifty years, and which to-day constitutes one of England's greatest glories, we find numerous mentions of Gladstone, for he filled a very large place in English society and history, but they are invariably mentions of love and praise. They may "hate Gladstone's politics," but, as Tennyson said, "they love Gladstone."

He belonged to a generation of men the like of whom have not been seen since Rome, except in England—that is, a race of men of culture and leisure, who devoted themselves with ardor to the management of public affairs, without other reward than the approval of their own consciences and the admiration and applause of their fellow-citizens. They were produced by peculiar social conditions and brought to perfection by long ages of practice. The nearest approach that has ever been made to them in historic times has been by the Roman patrician. The success of both in building up empires has long and widely diffused the opinion that it is only such men who have the judgment, the forethought, the indomitable persistence by which alone long-enduring political structures can be produced. But, even if such a point could be decided by discussion, the side of a great man's bier would be a poor place for the inquiry. Gladstone has played his part so well that there are but few of us of commoner clay whom his hopefulness, his diligence, and his charity may not make ashamed by comparison. No vilification was ever sufficient to make him break his magnificent silence, and no ingratitude or inconstancy was ever great enough to prevent his hoping for better things.

The German Reichstag did not expire in exactly a blaze of glory. In its earlier sessions it had shown a marked degree of independence and even a good deal of praiseworthy firmness in resisting the undue demands of the crown. Its refusal to pass the resolutions congratulating Bismarck may have been an ungracious and unwise thing to do, but it at least spoke for the fact that the Reichstag had a will of its own. In withstanding the Emperor's demand for more stringent laws repressing the right of public meeting and discussion, it played well its part of representative of the people in the face of threatened tyranny. But the revived war spirit, the dramatic seizure of Kiao-Chau, and the increasing pressure for colonial expansion and a fighting navy broke down its spirit, in the last months of its existence, and left it little but a docile instrument in the hands of the Ministry. What the complexion and temper of its successor may be is a question which can be answered better after the elections. But it is becoming increasingly true of legislative assemblies all over the world, that the more they are changed the more they remain the same thing. This truth was bitingly set forth for France in one of Caran d'Ache's recent cartoons. Mademoiselle République Française, complaining of the slow progress of her chariot, is told by President Faure that the horses are very poor, but that after the next relay (the elections of May 8) things will march. But the next picture shows the chariot still creeping, after the 8th of May post-house was passed, and the reason was obvious, for there were the same old wheezing and knock-kneed horses hitched in again.

Brunetière's sneer at the "intellectuals" in his article denouncing those who declared Dreyfus innocent, or at least unjustly condemned and deserving a new trial, has brought him a severe though dignified answer from one of the said intellectuals. It is M. Duclaux, head of the Pasteur Institute, and he writes in the legal periodical, the *Revue du Palais*, of May 1. He had been singled out for attack by Brunetière, under the thin disguise of the author of a 'Treatise on Microbiology'—a book which, the critic scornfully said, would be so much waste paper in ten years. M. Duclaux begins by lamenting that a man of Brunetière's standing should have been swept away by "the wind of madness which has blown over France." Hinting that this may have been due to Brunetière's anxiety for his political future—he had announced his intention of standing for Parliament—M. Duclaux goes on to show how it is precisely the "intellectuals," the educated men, the scientists, who should be calm in the midst of popular fury, and insist upon reason and justice in public proceedings. And he nobly rejoins to the fling at his own book by saying that he himself, in the preface, had predicted that new discovery would soon make it obsolete; that a scientific book necessarily marks only one step in advance, to be followed by many others; that it is of the essence of the scientific spirit to be conscious that everything coming from its pen is "imperfectly true, contingent, and destined to be superseded, though surely leaving an influence behind it." Brunetière's misconception of the spirit and methods of science, and his flouting of savants, may help him into the Chamber, but it will hurt him terribly out of it.

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THE IMPERIAL POLICY.

It is pleasant and encouraging, in times of excitement, to find any public man who is given to talking, keeping his head clear and retaining courage enough to speak out his honest thought. As a general rule, at such times nowadays, most men never think of keeping their heads clear. Their one duty, as it presents itself to them, is to fall in with the prevailing fury, whatever it may be, and, if possible, yell harder than some other man. In time of war, deliberation seems impossible. It was a Roman who said that the laws were silent in the midst of arms. What he meant was, however, that when hostilities were raging the civil law could not be executed or obeyed as usual. He did not mean—a Roman could not mean—that deliberation over questions of public policy should cease, or had to cease; that the national destinies should no longer cause any concern; and that everybody, instead of deliberating, should take to shouting and reading "yellow journals."

For this reason we have read with pleasure the remarks Mr. Chauncey Depew has seen fit to make about the annexation of the Philippine Islands, particularly as he has not won fame as a man apt to despise the "civium ardor." He appears to be our one publicist who has bestowed any *thought* on the question of annexing the Philippines or providing ourselves with a "colonial policy." What the others seem to do, when in doubt about our course, is to give three or four hearty yells and then go to bed with the stars and stripes wrapped round their bodies.

The history of this Philippine enterprise is very curious and even a little alarming. During the prolonged discussion which raged over the Cuban deliverance, we do not believe the conquest of fifteen hundred islands, inhabited by half savages and bigoted Spaniards, entered into the head of a single human being in this republic. The man who proposed it would have been generally laughed at. We do not believe the members of the Government thought of it any more than the rest of the community. Dewey's instructions were, doubtless, to destroy the Spanish fleet if he could. The only reason for directing him to undertake operations in the far Pacific was that there was a Spanish fleet there. No one thought of Spanish territory there.

But the ease and celerity with which Dewey did his work, fairly turned people's heads, coming on us, as it did, at a time when the capture of even a tramp steamer filled some of us with frantic joy. It seemed so easy to destroy a fleet that we all rushed to the conclusion that it must be just as easy to rule a far-off province. So we fell to shouting and yelling for distant islands to govern, and began to hurl defiance at everybody who said they would not be good for us, just as if the government of islands was what we were most used to, and what we had succeeded best in. It suddenly, within a week, came out that our long and prosperous existence without islands inhabited by savages was a horrible dream or nightmare; men began to wonder how we had got on so long without them, and why on earth we had so long regarded ourselves as different from and better off than the monarchies of the old world, and we began to look around, Hawaii fashion, for some one who wanted the Philippines for himself, or was waiting to buy them from Spain if we did not take them, so that we might have a nice war with him. As far as we know, not one public man, not one writer or speaker of note or authority, has said a word, or been asked his opinion, upon this terrible launch of ours on a sea of difficulties, centuries old.

Another curious thing about the matter is this: We started on our present war with Spain in order to liberate Cuba, and the principal reason why it fell to us in a peculiar manner to liberate Cuba was that it lay so close to us, that we had so much commerce with it, and that our ears were so constantly pained with its tales of sorrow, wrong, and ruth. Nobody said or dreamed that we had any responsibility whatever for the happiness or good government of any other country than Cuba. For the prosperity and happiness of all distant continents and islands we denied all accountability, no matter how badly off we acknowledged them to be—for Ireland, for Spain herself, for Italy, for New Guinea, for China, for Africa, for Turkey, for the Caroline Islands, or even for the Spanish-American republics on this continent, although they, too, are very near us and annoy us much by their goings on. Providence has mercifully spared us the burden of looking after the political condition of the entire earth, competent though he knows us to be for the task; but from one thing he will not let us off, and that is the reclamation of the Philippine Islands from barbarism and superstition. It is true that they are not very near us, six or seven thousand miles away, but what is that in these days of steam and electricity? Then he doubtless has remarked the great leisure we enjoy, owing to our having settled all our own difficulties so nicely that he feels it would be a shame not to make us go civilizing elsewhere. If he did not mean us to take entire charge of the Philippine Islands, why did he let us win the Dewey victory? The declaration of the local archbishop, of course, looks bad, but we will soon settle him. He accuses us of an intention to forbid the sacraments of baptism, matrimony, and burial, to cut off from the people the benefit of absolution, and to desecrate the churches and convert them into Protestant chapels. With Cardinal Gibbons on our side we really need not pay any attention to this vile priest; but if he gives us any more trouble, we would deal with him as we deal in camp with men who are not willing to "volunteer," and fancy they are in a free country. We would drum him out of some camp, tear his clothes, throw eggs at him and mud, and small articles.

Meanwhile, we call renewed attention to the necessity, if we are to have a colonial policy and a full line of islands to govern, of the training and preparation of a totally new civil service, not for subordinate or clerical places only, but for responsible positions, where discretion is to be exercised, and where the highest order of judgment will be constantly needed. For an imperial policy something far better is required than the kind of men we thrust into consulates and embassies and governorships and judgeships. We shall need a corps of administrators such as the English have in India, in Egypt, in Burmah, in Jamaica, and all the crown colonies. By this we mean a large body of men who have been trained from their youth up to the discharge of the most delicate executive functions among a subject ignorant, heathen population, with a religion to be respected which the average American politician despises and laughs at, with prejudices to be humored, with customs which cannot be safely meddled with, with strange laws to be administered, with nice points of inheritance or traditional land tenure to be elucidated. In our politics as practised to-day, the last thing that would be thought of would be the selection for such a place of a man who had resided in any of these countries, or knew their languages, or was familiar with their customs, or had practised their laws. The salaried places would, as a rule, be given to men who had "worked" hard in the last campaign, old journalists who had "written somebody up" and were out of a job, consumptive men who needed a warm climate, sons of rich fathers who had contributed handsomely to the campaign chest, and rich fathers themselves who wanted to do a little governing of poor heathen and "cut a swell" among foreign "bigwigs." If any one thinks we are putting this too strong, or, as the "Well Nows" say, "we are going too far," let him go carefully over the list of our diplomatic and consular appointments during the last thirty years and then tell us if we lie, or even exaggerate.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

The voyage of the battle-ship *Oregon* around Cape Horn has revived the demand in certain quarters for the Nicaragua Canal. Two months' time has been occupied in the passage, whereas the voyage could have been made in two, or at the most three weeks, if there had been a canal across the isthmus of

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sufficient size to admit her. The occasion seems to call for a glance at the canal project as it stands to-day.

The parties who have been crying out for a canal across Nicaragua heretofore have been mainly of two varieties, viz., those who have a pecuniary interest in the Warner Miller canal—we give it that name because it serves to identify the investment made there by private capitalists some years ago—and those who want a canal for political purposes. The former had commercial ends in view when they put their money in the project. Perhaps they were visionary, perhaps they overestimated the amount of traffic that would pass through the canal when finished. It is certain that they underestimated the difficulties of the work and its cost in money. But they had only commercial considerations in view, and, therefore, were and are entitled to respectful consideration. The other class were the Jingo element in politics. They wanted a canal, not for commercial uses chiefly, but as a source of foreign embroilment. They wanted it as means of irritation and provocation and possible war with the only country in Europe that we can count as our friend to-day. All the nations of the old world except Great Britain are at heart our enemies to-day, and would like to see us humbled in our present conflict with Spain, and yet the Nicaragua Canal Jingoes, of whom the late James G. Blaine was the leader and the type, desired the canal mainly because it would prove a convenient instrument in their hands for "twisting the lion's tail."

Proof of this is found in the fact that the first step taken towards achieving the canal was an attempt, made by Mr. Blaine himself when Secretary of State, at the beginning of the Garfield administration, to abrogate the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. The public mind was prepared for this step by various outgivings, in the customary Jingo tone, that we did not need foreign assistance to guarantee the neutrality of the canal, that we were sufficient for that purpose ourselves, that this was an American canal, and that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was rather a hindrance than an aid to its early completion and successful operation. Coupled with these outgivings was also the suggestion, bruited about in the newspapers, that a canal built by us, whose neutrality was to be guaranteed by us exclusively, would be fortified by us in such a way as to make our guarantee effective.

Here was a complete inversion of ideas, but quite characteristic of the Jingo mind. Neutrality means no advantage to one more than to the other, but the kind of neutrality proposed was a claim on our part to every possible advantage that the nature of the thing admitted of, including the right to decide all disputed points in our own favor. Absolute control by one party out of several is the very opposite of neutrality. It was for the purpose of excluding absolute control by one, and securing real neutrality, that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was negotiated and ratified nearly fifty years ago. The first clause declares and agrees that neither the United States nor Great Britain shall ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over any ship canal which may be constructed between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, through Nicaragua, nor ever fortify or maintain any dominion over any part of Nicaragua, Costa Rica, or any part of Central America in the vicinity of such canal, or make use of any alliance they may have or influence they may possess with the countries through which the canal may pass, to gain any advantage for their own citizens in respect of commerce or navigation by said canal which shall not be offered on the same terms to the citizens of the other. It was provided also that, in case of war between the contracting parties, the ships of both should be exempted from capture or detention in the canal, or within a certain distance of the two ends. It was agreed, moreover, that both parties should invite every other country to enter into the same stipulations, to the end that the neutralization of the canal should have the guarantee of the whole commercial world.

This is the treaty which Mr. Blaine as Secretary of State sought to abrogate and annul. Great Britain, speaking through Lord Grenville, her Foreign Secretary, declined to give her consent to the abrogation. She held that it was a valid agreement, highly proper in itself, not limited as to time, and that she should expect the United States to live up to its terms. There the correspondence ceased, but the idea that Mr. Blaine put forward fastened itself upon the Nicaragua Canal project, and if it has ceased to exist, it has so ceased because events have brought England and the United States to a better understanding with each other than they have had at any other time since Messrs. Clayton and Bulwer put their names to the paper in question. We think that all Americans are now agreed that as a preliminary step to the construction of the Nicaragua Canal nothing could be more advantageous, nothing more desirable than this Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and that if there were no such treaty, the first thing to be done would be to negotiate one on the same terms. We believe that the greatest obstacle to the undertaking of the canal hitherto has been the fear on the part of capitalists and sober-minded citizens that the aims of its promoters in Congress were not so much commercial as political, and that the construction of it was intended to be a source of bickering and irritation and foreign embroilment. If this motive for the canal no longer exists, if the project can now be considered on its merits as a commercial problem solely, if the neutralization of the canal can remain undisputed as it stands in the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, then the only obstacles in the way of it are those physical ones which nature has erected on the isthmus.

THE CAMPAIGN IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Mr. Wanamaker is prosecuting his warfare against the Quay machine in Pennsylvania with growing courage and effectiveness, week by week. Thursday was one series of skirmishes against the foe in Huntingdon County, beginning upon the arrival of the commander by sleeping-car at Mount Union about sunrise, including sorties at a number of towns during the next twelve hours, and closing with a prolonged attack in the evening. On the whole, this was the most telling day's work since hostilities were declared.

Mr. Wanamaker had previously discussed various ways in which machine legislation is driven through the Legislature—the methods of intimidation, the use of money, the promise of office, the pressure from great corporations, and the wholesale distribution of passes. On Thursday he showed how these practices are supplemented by the boldest and most flagrant violations of the law by certain officers of the Legislature who keep the record of roll-calls. He declared that "many and very important laws are to-day upon the statute-books of Pennsylvania that are said to have never received the constitutional majority of votes in the Legislature, but which were passed by being deliberately counted in by the clerks of the House or Senate." The names of many members are recorded as having voted on scores of appropriation bills that have passed by just the constitutional majority, or at least with slender margins, although these members were absent at the time the bills were considered, and did not respond to the roll-call. Moreover, an ingenious rule has been adopted by which it is held that, if a roll-call is questioned and the names of members who were not present are found to be recorded as having voted, the roll can be corrected only by the personal statement of any member whose vote is thus questioned, no matter if it is found that this one disputed vote is necessary to make the constitutional majority. A roll may thus be padded, and though the Legislature has full knowledge of the fact, it is unable to correct it; a machine-controlled Governor can sign the bill, and it becomes a law, and can in no way be affected, though later a dozen members might testify that they had not voted. Mr. Wanamaker gave this illustration of the reckless methods pursued:

"During the last night of the last session

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an effort was made to pass the notorious pool bill. After the roll had been called, Representative Moore of Chester demanded the reading of the roll. The Chief Clerk tried to evade it; the demand for a reading was renewed; and again it was refused. Finally, the Chief Clerk was forced to read the roll, when it was discovered that several members who were absent were recorded as having voted. The climax was reached when the name of Representative Sloan of Washington County, who, it was stated, was at that time in Denver, Col., was read as having voted for the bill. His name is still recorded as having voted on the pool bill in the affirmative, and on the same day, July 1, 1897, he is recorded as having voted for the Grant monument junketing trip expense bill, and also for the machine revenue bill."

Mr. Wanamaker presented further evidence of the sale of post-offices for cash by the Quay machine. One correspondent writes him that it is needless to go to a certain county previously mentioned for evidence of such sale, and says of his own county: "I understand all the offices here were promised when —— was a candidate for renomination. The corruption in this county is so bad, and our party here so rotten, that it is a disgrace to civilization. Truthfulness, honesty, and sobriety are lost for the sake of office. Congressman —— must be an angel to our Congressman."

Early last week announcement had been made by Quay that his man, Congressman W. A. Stone, would be nominated for Governor at the Republican State convention on June 2. Mr. Wanamaker thus described how the work of this State convention of hundreds of delegates was settled in advance by half-a-dozen men:

"The convention to nominate a Governor for the next four years for Pennsylvania met last Sunday. The session was held at Avalon, N. J., at the house of Mr. Becker, State Senator, author of the Becker bill, which intended to destroy the effectiveness of the provisions of the Bullitt bill [for the government of Philadelphia]. There were six persons present, convened by the boss: United States Senator Quay, State Senator Durham, State Chairman John P. Elkin, deposed from the Attorney-General's office; Collector of the Port Wesley Thomas, State Senator Becker, Allen B. Rorke, contractor for the new capitol and proposed candidate for Mayor. These six men, who toil not, neither do they spin, all office-holders except the contractor of the capitol, held the convention and put through the slate. It robbed W. A. Stone of the disguise he was travelling under as late as Saturday night last, by declaring him the candidate of the Republican party. On June 2, 362 men are to meet together in Pennsylvania, at great expense, to ratify this Sunday convention for Pennsylvania's Governor, made in New Jersey."

Mr. Wanamaker's speech was noteworthy for what seems to have been a distinct announcement that he will not stand by the Republican party if the Quay machine shall carry out its programme at the State convention. These were his words:

"The time has come that thousands would sooner go out of politics altogether than be dumb beasts, driven at the will of one man; but there are more parties than one, and room perhaps for new parties when the old outlive themselves. I believe it would be better for a great party to go down than to permit a few thousand office-holders, by virtue of patronage control, to become absolute rulers of six millions of people, who are practically beyond any power to intervene. When neither protest, entreaty, divisions, nor respectful demands avail, it is not likely that six million taxpayers will idly retreat before six hundred or six thousand of their servants, paid with taxpayers' money.

"Force will never cure discontent. In American politics, where each man is entitled to an equal right, concession conciliates and coercion crushes. These great popular representative assemblages mean something, and that meaning is that States are not founded and society banded together to sustain an office-holding class who arrogate to themselves continuous rulership."

Certainly neither Mr. Wanamaker nor those who support him in his present warfare against the Quay machine can preserve their self-respect if they shall fall in behind the boss after the convention has done his will. The writer of the letter from which we have quoted regarding the sale of post-offices says: "I have been a Republican since 1860, but our party now stinks in the nostrils of any decent man"; and he adds, "if the people are willing to uphold this corruption and dishonesty, God save the country!" And truly one might almost despair of the republic if Pennsylvania could elect Quay's man for Governor after the revolting exposures of Quay rule that have been made this year.

DISFRANCHISING A RACE.

Only the fact that the public mind is engrossed with the war has permitted a recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, involving the constitutionality of the suffrage provisions in the new Constitution of Mississippi, to pass almost unnoticed. On the whole this judgment is the most important and wide-reaching pronounced by the highest tribunal on the race question in the South since the days of reconstruction in that section, thirty years ago.

When Mississippi was readmitted into the Union, Congress imposed the condition that its Constitution should "never be so amended or changed as to deprive any citizen or class of citizens of the United States of the right to vote who are entitled to vote by the Constitution herein recognized, except as a punishment for such crimes as are felonies at common law, whereof they shall have been duly convicted under laws equally applicable to all the inhabitants of said State." Apparently Congress had thus insured the permanent rule of Mississippi by the blacks, who largely outnumbered the whites. Yet to-day the blacks exercise no influence whatever over the government of the State, and the Supreme Court, a majority of its members Republicans, validates the policy by which the race has practically been disfranchised.

The first step in this revolution was the application of what was called "the Mississippi plan" in 1875. The white minority bulldozed as many negroes as they could frighten so as to keep them from the polls, and cheated the rest in the count. But this system was so offensive to respectable people that they insisted upon reaching the same result by legal methods. In 1890 a convention was called to frame a new constitution. The late Senator George was its most influential member, but the small Republican minority included ex-Gov. Alcorn, ex-Chief Justice Simrall, and a wise colored man. These three worked in perfect harmony with their Democratic associates, and the result was the adoption of a system by which the suffrage was denied to every man who could not read the Constitution, or understand it when read to him, and who had not paid a poll tax. Nominally applying to all men, these provisions were devised with a view to depriving most of the blacks of the right to vote. Comparatively few adult negroes could read, or understand the more abstruse clauses of the Constitution when read to them, and most negroes are so averse to paying an unnecessary tax that they would forfeit the chance to cast a ballot rather than pay something for the opportunity. The system has worked exactly as was expected. Although there were 150,469 blacks of the voting age in 1890, only a few thousand of them now have the right to vote or to sit on a jury, for the first is essential to the second.

The negroes have always claimed that this was a violation of the fifteenth amendment to the Federal Constitution, which declares that "the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." Finally a case was carried up to the Supreme Court which involved the whole question. In 1896 a negro named Williams was indicted for murder by a grand jury composed of white persons, and was tried and condemned by a white petty jury and sentenced to be hanged. The judgment of the trial court was affirmed upon appeal by the State Supreme Court, and the Supreme Court of the United States has now sustained it.

This latter court had held in previous cases that the prohibitions of the Federal Constitution are against the denial of equal rights to the races by the Constitution or laws of a State. In the pending case it was not claimed that either the Constitution of the State or its laws discriminate in terms against the negro race, either as to the elective franchise or the privilege or duty of sitting on juries, but only that these results were effected by the abuse of the powers vested in certain administrative officers, and this allegation was not established. The conclusion of the whole matter is, in the closing words of the decision, that "the Constitution of Mississippi and its statutes do not on their face discriminate between the two races, and it has not been shown that their actual administration was evil, only that evil was possible under them."

The significance of this decision was

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emphasized by the fact that the Federal Supreme Court quoted and endorsed the decision of the State Supreme Court, which said that "within the field of permissible action under the limitations imposed by the Federal Constitution, the convention which framed the Mississippi Constitution swept the field of expedients to obstruct the exercise of suffrage by the negro race," and which further said of the negro race:

"By reason of its previous condition of servitude and dependence, this race had acquired or accentuated certain peculiarities of habit, of temperament, and of character which clearly distinguished it as a race from the whites—a patient, docile people, but careless, landless, migratory within narrow limits, without forethought, and its criminal members given to furtive offences rather than the robust crimes of the whites. Restrained by the Federal Constitution from discriminating against the negro race, the convention discriminates against its characteristics and the offences to which its criminal members are prone."

Under this interpretation of the Constitution, it is obvious that an inferior race can be practically disfranchised under the forms of law. It is an interesting coincidence that this important decision is rendered at a time when we are considering the idea of taking in a varied assortment of inferior races in different parts of the world, which must be governed somehow, and which, of course, could not be allowed to vote.

GLADSTONE.

No man has lived in our times of whom it is so hard to speak in a concise and summary fashion as Mr. Gladstone. For forty years he was so closely associated with the public affairs of his country that the record of his parliamentary life comes near to being an outline of English politics. His activity spread itself out over many fields. He was the author of several learned and thoughtful books, and of a multitude of articles upon all sorts of subjects. He showed himself as eagerly interested in matters of classical scholarship and Christian doctrine and ecclesiastical history as in questions of national finance and foreign policy. No account of him could be complete without reviewing his actions and estimating the results of his work in all these directions.

But the difficulty of describing and judging him goes deeper. His was a singularly complex nature, a character hard to unravel. His individuality was extremely strong; all that he said or did bore its impress. Yet it was an individuality so far from being self-consistent as sometimes to seem a bundle of opposite qualities capriciously united in a single person. He might with equal truth be called, and he has been in fact called, a conservative and a revolutionary. He was dangerously impulsive, and had frequently to suffer from his impulsiveness; yet he was also not merely wary and cautious, but so astute as to have been accused of craft and dissimulation. So great was his respect for authority and tradition that he clung to views regarding the unity of Homer and the historical claims of Christian sacerdotalism which the majority of competent specialists have now rejected. So bold was he in practical matters that he transformed the British Constitution, changed the course of English policy in the Orient, destroyed an established church in one part of the United Kingdom, and committed himself to the destruction of two established churches in two other parts. He came near to being a Roman Catholic in his religious opinions, yet was for twenty years the darling leader of the English Protestant Nonconformists and the Scotch Presbyterians. No one who knew him intimately doubted his conscientious sincerity and earnestness, yet four-fifths of the English upper classes were, in his later years, wont to regard him as a self-interested schemer who would sacrifice his country to his lust for power. Though he loved general principles, and often soared out of the sight of his audience when discussing them, he generally ended by deciding upon points of detail the question at issue. He was at different times of his life the defender and the assailant of the same institutions, yet he scarcely seemed inconsistent in doing opposite things, because his method and his arguments preserved the same type and color throughout.

Any one who had at the beginning of his career discerned in him the capacity for such strange diversities and contradictions, would probably have predicted that they must wreck it by making his purposes weak and his course erratic. Such a prediction would have proved true of any one with less firmness of will and less intensity of temper. It was the persistent heat and vehemence of his character, the sustained passion which he threw into the pursuit of the object on which he was for the moment bent, that fused these dissimilar qualities, and made them appear to contribute to and to increase the total force which he exerted.

Theories of character based on race differences are dangerous, because they are so easy to form and so hard to test. Still, no one denies that there are qualities and tendencies generally found in the minds of men of certain stocks, just as there are peculiarities in their faces or in their speech. Mr. Gladstone was born and brought up in Liverpool, and always retained a touch of Lancashire accent. But, as he was fond of saying, every drop of blood in his veins was Scotch. His father was a Lowland Scot from the neighborhood of Biggar, in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire, where the old yeoman's dwelling of Gledstanes—the kite's rock—may still be seen. His mother was of Highland extraction, by name Robertson, from Dingwall, in Ross-shire. Thus he was not only a Scot, but a Scot with a strong infusion of the Celtic element, the element whence the Scotch derive most of what distinguishes them from the English. The Scot is more excitable, more easily brought to a glow of passion, more apt to be eagerly absorbed in one thing at a time. He is also more fond of abstract intellectual effort. It is not merely that the taste for metaphysical theology is commoner in Scotland than in England, but that the Scotch have a stronger relish for general principles. They like to set out by ascertaining and defining such principles, and then to pursue a series of logical deductions from them. They are, therefore, somewhat bolder reasoners than the English, less content to remain in the region of concrete facts, more eager to hasten on to the process of working out a body of speculative doctrines. The Englishman is apt to plume himself on being right in spite of logic; the Scotchman delights to think that it is through logic he has reached his conclusions, and that he can by logic defend them.

These are qualities which Mr. Gladstone drew from his Scottish blood. He had a keen enjoyment of the processes of dialectic. He loved to get hold of an abstract principle and to derive all sorts of conclusions from it. He was wont to begin the discussion of a question by laying down two or three sweeping propositions covering the subject as a whole, and would then proceed to draw from these others which he could apply to the particular matter in hand. His well-stored memory and boundless ingenuity made this finding of such general propositions so easy a task that a method in itself agreeable sometimes appeared to be carried to excess. He frequently arrived at conclusions which the judgment of the sober auditor did not approve, because, although they seemed to have been legitimately deduced from the general principles just enunciated, they were somehow at variance with the plain teaching of the facts. At such moments one felt that the man who was charming but perplexing Englishmen by his subtlety and ingenuity was not himself an Englishman in mental quality, but had the love for abstractions and refinements and dialectical analysis which characterizes the Scotch intellect. He had also a large measure of that warmth and vehemence called in the sixteenth century the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*, which belongs to the Scottish temperament, and particularly to the Celtic Scot. He kindled quickly, and, when kindled, he shot forth a strong and brilliant flame.

With these Scottish qualities, Mr. Gladstone was brought up at school and college among Englishmen, and received at Oxford, then lately awakened from a long torpor, a bias and tendency which never thereafter ceased to affect him. The so-called "Oxford Movement," which afterwards obtained the name of Tractarianism and carried Dr. Newman, together with other less famous leaders, on to Rome, had not yet in 1831, when Mr. Gladstone won his degree with double first-class honors, taken visible shape, or become, so to speak, conscious of its own purposes. But its doctrinal views, its peculiar vein of religious sentiment, its respect for antiquity and tradition, its proneness to casuistry, its taste for symbolism, were already potent influences working on the more susceptible of the younger minds. On Mr. Gladstone they told with full force. He became, and never ceased to be, not merely a High Churchman, but what may be called an Anglo-Catholic in his theology; deferential, not only to ecclesiastical tradition, but to the living voice of the visible Church, respecting the priesthood as the recipients (if duly ordained) of a special grace and peculiar powers, attaching great importance to the sacraments, feeling himself nearer to the Church of Rome, despite what he deemed her corruptions, than to any of the non-episcopal Protestant churches. Henceforth his interests in life were as much ecclesiastical as political. For a time he desired to be ordained a clergyman. Had this wish been carried out, it can scarcely be doubted that he would eventually have become the leading figure in the Church of England and have sensibly affected her recent history. The later stages in his career drew him away from the main current of political opinion within that church. He who had been the strongest ad-

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vocate of established churches came to be the leading agent in the disestablishment of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Ireland, and a supporter of the policy of disestablishment in Scotland and in Wales. But the color which these Oxford years gave to his mind and thoughts was never obliterated.

When the brilliant young Oxonian entered the House of Commons at the age of twenty-three, Sir Robert Peel was leading the Tory party with an authority and ability rarely surpassed in parliamentary annals. Within two years the young man was admitted into the short-lived Tory Ministry of 1834, and soon proved himself an active and promising lieutenant of the experienced chief. Peel was an eminently wary and cautious man, alive to the necessity of watching the signs of the times, of studying and interpreting the changeful phases of public opinion. His habit was to keep his own counsel, and even when he perceived that the policy he had hitherto followed would need to be modified, to continue to use guarded language and refuse to commit himself to change till he perceived that the fitting moment had arrived. He was, moreover, a master of detail, slow to propound a plan until he had seen how its outlines were to be filled up by appropriate devices for carrying it out in practice. These qualities and habits of the Minister profoundly affected his gifted disciple. They became part of the texture of his own political character; and in his case, as in that of Peel, they sometimes brought censure upon him, as having withheld too long from the public views or purposes which he thought it unwise to disclose till effect could promptly be given to them. Such reserve, such a guarded attitude and conservative attachment to existing institutions, were not altogether natural to Mr. Gladstone's mind, and the contrast between them and some of his other qualities, like the contrast which ultimately appeared between his sacerdotal tendencies and his political liberalism, contributed to make his character perplexing and to expose his conduct to the charge of inconsistency.

Mr. Gladstone sat for sixty-three years in Parliament, and for more than twenty-six years was the leader of his party, and therefore the central figure of English politics. As has been said, he began as a high Tory, remained about fifteen years in that camp, was then led by the split between Peel and the protectionists to take up an intermediate position, and finally was forced to cast in his lot with the Liberals—for in England, as in America, third parties seldom endure. No parliamentary career in English annals is comparable to his for its length and variety; and of those who saw its close in the House of Commons, there was only one man, Mr. Villiers (who died in January, 1898), who could remember its beginning. He had been opposed in 1833 to men who might have been his grandfathers; he was opposed in 1893 to men who might have been his grandchildren. It took fourteen years, from 1846 to 1860, to carry him from the Conservative into the Liberal camp. It took five stormy years to bring him round to Irish home rule, though his mind was constantly occupied with the subject from 1880 to 1885; and those who watched him closely saw that the process had advanced some considerable way even in 1881. And as regards ecclesiastical establishments, having written a book in 1838, as a warm advocate of state churches, it was not till 1867 that he adopted the policy of disestablishment for Ireland, not till 1890 that he declared himself ready to apply it in Wales and Scotland also.

No great popular leader had in him less of the true ring of the demagogue. He saw, of course, that a statesman cannot oppose the popular will beyond a certain point, and may have to humor it in order that he may direct it. Now and then, in his later days, he so far yielded to his party advisers as to express his approval of proposals for which he cared little personally. But he was too self-absorbed, too eagerly interested in the ideas that suited his own cast of thought, to be able to watch and gauge the tendencies of the multitude. On several occasions he announced a policy which startled people and gave a new turn to the course of events. But in none of these instances, and certainly not in the three most remarkable—his declarations against the Irish church establishment in 1868, against the Turks and the traditional English policy of supporting them in 1876, and in favor of Irish home rule in 1886—did any popular demand suggest his pronouncement. It was the masses who took their view from him, not he who took his mandate from the masses. In all of these instances he was at the time in Opposition, and was accused of having made this new departure for the sake of recovering power. In the two former he prevailed, and was ultimately admitted by his more candid adversaries to have counselled wisely. In all of them he may, perhaps, be censured for not having sooner perceived, or at any rate for not having sooner announced, the need for reform. But it was very characteristic of him not to give the full strength of his mind to a question till he felt that it pressed for a solution. Those who discussed politics with him were scarcely more struck by the range of his vision and his power of correlating principles and details, than by his unwillingness to commit himself on matters whose decision he could postpone. Reticence and caution were sometimes carried too far, not merely because they exposed him to misconstruction, but because they withheld from his party the guidance it needed. This was true in all the three instances just mentioned; and in the last of them his reticence probably contributed to the separation from him of some of his former colleagues. Nor did he always rightly divine the popular mind. Absorbed in his own financial views, he omitted to note the change that had been in progress between 1862 and 1874, and thus his proposal in the latter year to extinguish the income tax fell completely flat. He often failed to perceive how much the credit of his party was suffering from the belief, quite groundless so far as he personally was concerned, that his Government was indifferent to what are called Imperial interests, the interests of England outside England. But he always thought for himself, and never stooped to flatter the prejudices or inflame the passions of any class in the community.

Though the power of reading the signs of the times and moving the mind of the nation as a whole may be now more essential to an English statesman than the skill which manages a legislature or holds together a cabinet, that skill counts for much, and must continue to do so while the House of Commons remains the supreme governing authority of the country. A man can hardly reach high place, and certainly cannot retain high place, without possessing this kind of art. Mr. Gladstone was at one time thought to want it. In 1864, when Lord Palmerston's end was evidently near, and Mr. Gladstone had shown himself the most brilliant and capable man among the Liberal ministers in the House of Commons, people speculated about the succession to the headship of the party; and the wiseacres of the day were never tired of repeating that Mr. Gladstone could not possibly lead the House of Commons. He wanted tact (they said), he was too excitable, too impulsive, too much absorbed in his own ideas, too unversed in the arts by which individuals are conciliated. But when, after twenty-five years of his unquestioned reign, the time for his own departure drew nigh, men asked how the Liberal party of the House of Commons would ever hold together after it had lost a leader of such consummate capacity. Seldom has a prediction been more utterly falsified than that of the Whig critics of 1864. They had grown so accustomed to Palmerston's way of handling the House as to forget that a man might succeed by quite different methods. And they forgot also that the man may have many defects and yet in spite of them be incomparably the fittest for a great place.

Of Mr. Gladstone's oratory, something must now be said. By it, he rose to fame and power, as, indeed, by it most English statesmen have risen, save those to whom wealth and rank and family connections have given a sort of presumptive claim to high office, like the Cavendishes and the Russells, the Cecils and the Bentincks. And for many years, during which Mr. Gladstone was distrusted as a statesman because, while he had ceased to be a Tory, he had not fully become a Liberal, his eloquence was the main, one might almost say the sole, source of his influence.

The permanent reputation of an orator depends upon two things, the witness of contemporaries to the impression produced upon them, and the written or printed—we may, perhaps, be soon able to say the phonographed—record of his speeches. Few are the famous speakers who would be famous if they were tried by this latter test alone, and Mr. Gladstone was not one of them. It is only by a rare combination of gifts that one who speaks with so much readiness, force, and brilliance as to charm his listeners, is also able to deliver such valuable thoughts in such choice words that posterity will read them as literature. Some few of the ancient orators did this; but we seldom know how far those of their speeches which have been preserved are the speeches which they actually delivered. Among moderns, some French preachers, Edmund Burke, Macaulay, and Daniel Webster are perhaps the only speakers whose discourses have passed into classics and find new generations of readers. Twenty years hence Mr. Gladstone's will not be read except, of course, by historians. They are too long, too diffuse, too minute in their handling of details, too elaborately qualified in their enunciation of general principles. They contain few epigrams, and few of those weighty thoughts put into telling phrases which the Greeks called γνῶμαι. The style, in short, is not sufficiently rich or finished to give a perpetual interest to matters whose practical importance has vanished. The same oblivion has overtaken all but a very few of the best things of Grattan, Pitt, Canning, Plunket, Brougham, Peel, Bright. It may, indeed, be

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said—and the examples of Burke and Macaulay show that this is no paradox—that the speakers whom posterity most enjoys are rarely those who most affected the audiences that listened to them.

If, on the other hand, Mr. Gladstone be judged by the impression he made on his own time, his place will be high in the front rank. His speeches were neither so concisely telling as Mr. Bright's nor so finished in diction; but no other man among his contemporaries—neither Lord Derby nor Mr. Lowe nor Mr. Disraeli nor Bishop Wilberforce nor Bishop Magee—deserved comparison with him. And he rose superior to Mr. Bright himself in readiness, in variety of knowledge, in persuasive ingenuity. Mr. Bright required time for preparation, and was always more successful in alarming his adversaries and stimulating his friends than in either instructing or convincing anybody. Mr. Gladstone could do all these four things, and could do them at an hour's notice, so vast and well-ordered was the arsenal of his mind. His oratory had many conspicuous merits. There was a lively imagination, which enabled him to relieve even dull matter by pleasing figures, together with a large command of quotations and illustrations. There were remarkable powers of sarcasm—powers, however, which he rarely used, preferring the summer lightning of banter to the thunderbolt of invective. There was admirable lucidity and accuracy in exposition. There was great skill in the disposition and marshalling of his arguments, and finally—a gift now almost lost in England—there was a wonderful variety and grace of appropriate gesture. But above and beyond everything else which enthralled the listener, there were four qualities, two specially conspicuous in the substance of his eloquence—inventiveness and elevation; two not less remarkable in his manner—force in the delivery, expressive modulation in the voice.

The note of genuineness and spontaneity which marked the substance of his speeches was no less conspicuous in their delivery. Nothing could be more easy and graceful than his manner on ordinary occasions. His expository discourses, such as those with which he introduced a complicated bill or unfolded a financial statement, were models of their kind, not only for lucidity, but for the pleasant smoothness, equally free from monotony and from abruptness, with which the stream of speech flowed from his lips. The task was performed so well that people thought it an easy task till they saw how immeasurably inferior were the performances of two subsequent Chancellors of the Exchequer so able in their respective ways as Mr. Lowe and Mr. Goschen. But when an occasion arrived which quickened men's pulses, and particularly when some sudden storm burst on the House of Commons—a place where the waves rise as fast as in a mountain lake under a squall rushing down a glen—the vehemence of his feeling found expression in the fire of his eye and the resistless strength of his words. His utterance did not grow swifter, nor did the key of his voice rise, as passion raises and sharpens it in most men. But the measured force with which every sentence was launched, like a shell hurtling through the air, the concentrated intensity of his look, as he defied antagonists in front and swept his glance over the ranks of his supporters around and behind him, had a startling and thrilling power which no other Englishman could exert, and which no Englishman had exerted since the days of Pitt and Fox. The whole proud, bold, ardent nature of the man seemed to flash out, and one almost forgot what the lips said in admiration of the towering personality.

Though Mr. Gladstone's oratory was a main source of his power, both in Parliament and over the people, the effort of his enemies to represent him as a mere rhetorician will seem absurd to the historian who reviews his whole career. If the memory of his oratorical triumphs were to pass completely away, he would deserve to be remembered in respect of the mark he left upon the British statute-book and of the changes he wrought both in the Constitution of his country and in her European policy. To describe the acts he carried would almost be to write the history of recent British legislation; to pass a judgment upon their merits would be foreign to the scope of this article.

His action in the field of foreign policy, though it was felt only at intervals, was on several occasions momentous, and has left abiding results in European history. In 1851, he being then still a Tory, his powerful pamphlet against the Bourbon government of Naples, and the sympathy he subsequently avowed with the national movement in Italy, gave that movement a new standing in Europe by powerfully recommending it to English opinion. In 1870 the prompt action of his Government, in concluding a treaty for the neutrality of Belgium on the outbreak of the war between France and Germany, saved Belgium from being drawn into the strife. In 1871, by concluding the treaty of Washington, which provided for the settlement of the *Alabama* claims, he not only asserted a principle of the utmost value, but delivered England from what would have been, in case of her being at war with any European Power, a danger fatal to her ocean commerce. And in 1876, the vigorous attack he made on the Turks after the Bulgarian massacre roused an intense feeling in England, so turned the current of opinion that Disraeli's ministry was forced to leave the Sultan to his fate, and thus became the cause of the deliverance of Bulgaria, Eastern Rumelia, Bosnia, and Thessaly from Mussulman tyranny. Few English statesmen have equally earned the gratitude of the oppressed.

Such a record is the best proof of the capacity for initiative which belonged to him, and in which men of high oratorical gifts have often been wanting. In the Neapolitan case, in the *Alabama* case, in the Bulgarian case, no less than in the adoption of the policy of a separate legislature and executive for Ireland, he acted from his own convictions, with no suggestion of encouragement from his party; and in the last instances—those of Ireland and of Bulgaria—he took a course which seemed to the English political world so novel and even startling that no ordinary statesman would have ventured on it.

His courage was indeed one of the most striking parts of his character. It was not the rashness of an impetuous nature, for, impetuous as he was when stirred by some sudden excitement, he was wary and cautious whenever he took a deliberate survey of the conditions that surrounded him. It was the proud self-confidence of a strong character, which was willing to risk fame and fortune in pursuing a course it had once resolved upon—a character which had faith in its own conclusions, and in the success of a cause consecrated by principle—a character which obstacles did not affright or deter, but rather roused to a higher combative energy. Few English statesmen have done anything so bold as was Mr. Gladstone's declaration for Irish home rule in 1886. He took not only his political power, but the fame and credit of his whole past life, in his hand when he set out on this new journey at seventy-seven years of age; for it was quite possible that the great bulk of his party might refuse to follow him, and he be left exposed to derision as the chief of an insignificant group. It turned out that the great bulk of the party did follow him, though many of the most influential and socially important refused to do so. But neither Mr. Gladstone nor any one else could have foretold this when his intentions were first announced.

The essential dignity of his nature was never better seen than during the last few years of his life, after he had retired (in 1894) from Parliament and public life. He indulged in no vain regrets, nor was there any foundation for the rumors, so often circulated, that he thought of reëntering the arena of strife. He spoke with no bitterness of those who had opposed, and sometimes foiled, him in the past. He gave vent to no disparaging criticisms on those who from time to time filled the place that had been his in the government of the country or the leadership of his party. Although his opinion on current questions was frequently solicited, he scarcely ever allowed it to be known, and never himself addressed the nation, except on behalf of what he deemed a sacred cause, altogether above party—the discharge by Britain of her duty to the victims of the Turk. As soon as an operation for cataract had enabled him to read or write for seven hours a day, he devoted himself with his old ardor to the preparation of an edition of Bishop Butler's works, resumed his multifarious reading, and filled up the interstices of his working time with studies on Homer which he had been previously unable to complete. No trace of the moroseness of old age appeared in his manners or his conversation, nor did he, though profoundly grieved at some of the events which he witnessed, and owning himself disappointed at the slow advance made by some causes dear to him, appear less hopeful than in earlier days of the general progress of the world, or less confident in the beneficent power of freedom to promote the happiness of his country. The stately simplicity which had been the note of his private life seemed more beautiful than ever in this quiet evening of a long and sultry day. His intellectual powers were unimpaired; his thirst for knowledge undiminished. But a placid stillness had fallen upon him and his household; and in seeing the tide of his life begin slowly to ebb, one thought of the lines of his illustrious contemporary and friend—

> "such a tide as moving seems asleep,
> Too full for sound or foam,
> When that which drew from out the boundless deep
> Turns again home."

Of how few who have lived for more than sixty years in the full sight of their countrymen, and have been as party leaders exposed to angry and sometimes dishonest criticism, can it be said that there stands on

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record against them no malignant word and no vindictive act! This was due in Mr. Gladstone, not perhaps entirely to natural sweetness of disposition, but rather to self-control, and to a certain largeness and dignity of soul which would not condescend to anything mean or petty. Nor should it be forgotten that the perfectly happy life which he led at home, cared for in everything by a devoted wife, kept far from him those domestic troubles which have soured the temper and embittered the judgments of not a few famous men. Reviewing his whole career, and summing up the impressions and recollections of those who knew him best, this dignity is the feature which dwells most in the mind, as the outline of some majestic Alp moves one from afar when all the lesser beauties of glen and wood, of craig and glacier, have faded in the distance. As elevation was the note of his oratory, so was magnanimity the note of his character.

The favorite Greek maxim that no man can be called happy till his life is ended must, in the case of statesmen, be extended to warn us from the attempt to fix any one's place in history till a generation has arisen to whom he is a mere name, not a familiar figure to be loved, opposed, or hated. Few reputations made in politics keep so far green and fresh that men continue to read and write and speculate about the person when those who can remember him living have departed. Out of all the men who have played a leading part in English public life in the present century there are but seven or eight—Pitt, Fox, Canning, Wellington, Peel, O'Connell, Disraeli, perhaps Melbourne and Brougham—who still excite our curiosity. The great poet or the great artist lives longer—indeed, he lives as long as his books or his pictures; the statesman, like the musician or the actor, begins to be forgotten so soon as his voice is still, unless he has so dominated the men of his own time, and made himself a part of his country's history, that his personal character becomes a leading factor in the course which events took. Tried by this test, Mr. Gladstone's fame seems destined to last. His eloquence will soon become merely a tradition, for his printed speeches do not preserve its charm. His main acts of policy, foreign and domestic, will have to be judged by their still unborn consequences. If his books continue to be read, it will be rather because they are his than in respect of any permanent contribution they have made to knowledge. But whoever follows the annals of England during the memorable years from 1843 to 1894 will meet his name on almost every page, will feel how great must have been the force of an intellect that could so interpenetrate the events of its time, and will seek to know something of the wonderful figure that rose always conspicuous above the struggling throng.

There is a passage in the 'Odyssey' where the seer Theoclymenus, in describing a vision of death, says: "The sun has perished out of heaven." To Englishmen, Mr. Gladstone has been like a sun which, sinking slowly, has grown larger as he sank, and filled the sky with radiance even while he trembled on the verge of the horizon. There were able men, and famous men, but there was no one comparable to him in power and fame and honor. Now he is gone. The piercing eye is dim, and the mellow voice is silent, and the light has died out of the sky.

JAMES BRYCE.

THE RIOTS IN ITALY.

FLORENCE, May 7, 1898.

That riot and revolt, bordering on revolution, should be rife in peaceful Tuscany, is scarcely credible to those who had not been warned, by the strikes among the straw-plaiters last year and strikes among masons, that misery and hunger had raised their gaunt heads in the midst of the gentlest, mildest, most long-suffering people that ever tempted heedless, indifferent authorities to see how far the bow could bend without breaking. For weeks, rioting and disorder have been rife in Naples and the chief towns on the lower Adriatic coast; Bari, Barletta, Foggia, Minervino; again in and around Ferrara; while the rumors from Sicily become more and more ominous. But the prevalent discontent arising from failure of crops, want of work, and now the increase in the price of bread, had prepared one to hear of riots and rumors of riots. Not so in Tuscany; yet here we are, with Prato, Pigline-dell'-Arno, Sesto in full revolt. In Prato the rioters have carried their tactics to incendiary fires and barricades; at Sesto, where four are killed and twenty-two wounded, order is far from being restored; nor can the authorities this time lay the blame on the Socialists, the Communists, the Republicans, as the Government inspectors, civil and military, report that the "subversive parties" have had no voice, "no lot in the uprising."

The pity of it is that all these catastrophes might have been avoided if the powers that be had but listened to competent writers and speakers, who, beginning with last August, raised their voices in warning and entreaty. The Italian wheat crop was below the medium, even so throughout Europe. Hence, contrary to precedent, the price of bread and paste (maccaroni) rose as soon as harvest was over. In the north of Italy, alas, this "rise" was scarcely noticed by the peasantry or by the unskilled workmen, who live exclusively on polenta—yellow maize ground and boiled with more or less salt; nor did it affect the Tuscan peasants, who, by the laws (or rather customs) of the métayer system, are entitled to as much wheat as they need for bread and paste from harvest to harvest time. No matter what the price, they but repay in kind, and if the wheat crop fail a second time, they make things even by "leaving down" so much oil, so much wine, so many lambs or cheeses or whatever they may have in abundance when they make up their yearly accounts with the owner or the steward. But in central, southern Italy and Sicily, man literally "lives by bread alone"—more strictly speaking, by wheat, which they make into bread and a hundred forms of paste (just flour mixed with water, rolled out, dried, and boiled). Now, it was clear to all that had eyes to see that unless stringent measures were taken to provide the country with wheat, troubles would come; this before there were any signs of war between Spain and the United States.

The price of bread in Italy depends upon many causes, especially in the closed communes, *i. e.*, the large cities and towns enclosed by zones where the octroi or city tax on all food is paid down. First, of course, there is the price of grain in the world's market; second, the custom-house tax; third, the price of gold as compared with paper; fourth, the cost of grinding, *i. e.*, the difference in price between wheat and flour; fifth, the city tax on flour, bread, paste; sixth, the price put by the bakers on bread, paste, etc. Take the prices given last August by the *Sole* of Milan and the *Nuova Antologia*, and it appears that a quintal of flour made into bread (allowing 125 kilos for every 100 of flour) costs per kilo 40½ centesimi, and I speak of large loaves, such as the people eat, the small "bread" yielding only 118 kilos per 100 flour. Well, this 4½ cents was already too high for the light purses of the poor, and the sage advisers said to the Government, "Now that we are in summer, when grapes, fruits, and vegetables are abundant, do not abolish but *suspend* the custom-house duty on wheat and flour. This will insure large provisions for the winter, and we must find some way to fill the deficit. If you drift into riot and revolt, the cost of calling out fresh categories that you have decided to leave at home, the cost of transport for soldiers sent hither and thither to suppress the revolts, will far exceed the income derived from your present corn laws," which then imposed a duty of 7½ lire on wheat and from 9 to 12½ on flour. But the Government and the "majority" feared to offend the "agrari" (landed proprietors and large farmers); moreover the duty, paid in gold, was most convenient for paying abroad the coupons of the 5 per cent. rente. The entire duty was maintained till last January, when 2½ lire were struck off the custom-house duty without effecting the slightest reduction in the price of bread.

Besides the tax on foreign wheat paid at the frontier, up till the Sicilian revolution of 1891-2, two other taxes increased the price of bread in closed communes—the Government octroi and the municipal octroi paid at the city gates. The Sicilian revolts led to the abolition of the Government's tax, but the municipal authorities were left free to impose their own; and as in Sicily and the southern provinces the Signori boss the provincial and town councils, they find it convenient to lay the burden of taxation on the staple food of the very poorest—bread, paste, etc.—rather than tax land, buildings, servants, carriages, which belong to themselves. This is the chief grievance of the working classes in southern Italy. Yielding to reason and partly to sentiment, the municipal authorities of Florence abolished last year this octroi or city tax on wheat, flour, bread, paste, and rice; hence they cannot be greatly blamed if they counted on exemption from riots; and indeed until yesterday there was no sign of disturbance. But it should be noted that, since the commencement of your Spanish-American war, the price of flour has gone up by leaps and bounds. The price of bread increased in proportion, hence discontent; and as riots may be classed among endemic diseases, the news from the surrounding cities fomented the unrest. It is the general opinion, however, that the tumult of a few Florentine *gamins*, and the entry into the city of some hundreds of masons demanding higher wages, might have been met by the Mayor and Aldermen without any intervention of troops.

That the Florentine people are in a bad temper must be admitted. The enormous sums spent on the late festivals held in honor of Amerigo Vespucci and Toscanelli, with the inauguration of marble monuments to Ricasoli and Peruzzi, were enjoyed by foreigners and wealthy Florentines, but the

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people could not participate in them. Hall tickets cost 20 lire; even the tickets for the football game, which cost generally 1 lire, 50 and 30 centimes, were raised to 5 lire each; the entire portion of the Cascine whence the races could be seen was enclosed; while the rain, which fell in torrents, prevented the fireworks, the illumination of the public buildings and Lung' Arno, the popular open-air concerts. All these were postponed till the 8th of May, and now, owing to the "deplorable events in neighboring cities," will not be held at all. But the riot (for here it was nothing more) has had the deplorable result of frightening away the vast concourse of foreigners who this year have come in greater numbers and lingered longer than usual. Their departure in shoals is a great loss to hotel and lodging-house keepers, trains, cabs, shop-keepers and flower-sellers. The Queen Regent and Queen of Holland were the first to depart, meaning to go to Milan, but were stopped at Bologna by news from that city far more serious than has been allowed to reach us either by telegram, newspaper, or private letter: the telegrams are confiscated, the newspapers sequestrated. The editor, sub-editor, and all the staff of the *Italia del Popolo* have been arrested and imprisoned, together with the Republican Deputy De Andreis; the offices closed. Such extreme measures as these were never resorted to by Cavour during the revolt of Genoa in 1857, scarcely in such sweeping fashion by Crispi in Palermo during the Fasci agitation. "But," said a veteran of '48, who left Milan last night at 10 and arrived here this morning, "Milan has a more revolutionary aspect than I have seen it wear since those eventful days."

"What are the immediate causes?" I inquired. "Firstly, the persistent refusal of the municipality to abolish the octroi or city tax on flour, bread, paste, rice. When the news came that the Government had suspended the customs tax and the municipality the octroi, it was too late; nay, people said one to another, 'By fair means we get nothing; only violence avails.' So when the summons came for the calling out of the first category of 1873, *i. e.*, of young men of twenty-five, who, having performed their term of service from twenty-one to twenty-three years of age, thinking themselves secure, had married and set up in life for themselves, and who feel not enthusiasm but loathing at the idea of being called on to fire on an unarmed starving populace, exasperation reached its height. News came this morning that Muzio Mussi, only son of the Milan Deputy and Vice-Speaker of the House, had been shot to death by the soldiers at Pavia, where he, a student, had passed the day in trying to appease the crowd, actually warning the cavalry not to charge, as zinc wire had been laid down to trip up the horses; and this did not contribute to lessen the general indignation."

"But, in point of fact, what is the situation?" "Well, this morning the workmen of several large factories decided to quit their work and call out their comrades. 'Long live our brothers of the army!' they cried when they met infantry and cavalry, and for a time the soldiers were patient; but later the cavalry charged and numbers were wounded. At Corso Venezia, barricades were improvised, 'in old Cernuschi fashion'; the tram-cars, the wagons laden with rations and forage for the troops, were all pressed into the service, the pavements ripped up; and the children and women, forcing their way into the houses, battered the troops with paving-stones and tiles. The soldiers and police fired; dead and wounded strewed the ground. The Bersaglieri and Alpineers came to the rescue, but the same scenes were repeated at the different gates. At Porta Ticinese the struggle was fiercest; the houses in the vicinity were left literally tileless, nor could the troops dislodge the assailants from the roofs. About four P. M. Gen. del Maino with his staff and four squadrons of cavalry arrived; result unknown." Barricades were erected at Porta Tenaglia; several gunsmiths' shops were sacked; but the number of killed and wounded on both sides could not even be guessed at when my friend left Milan. I am closing my letter, commenced yesterday at four P. M., on Sunday, May 8, but no authentic news is forthcoming. Even the official Stefani telegrams are stopped; the official *Fieramosca* has received neither telegrams nor newspapers from Milan.

The one gleam of light is the news of a slight fall in the price of grain at New York, and the arrival of heavy freights at Genoa, Naples, Leghorn, eagerly caught up now that the duty is rescinded. Too late, also, the Government is consenting to give work to the starving multitudes to whom it has been vainly promised throughout the winter. The money for it existed in the Treasury, but was detained there till ministers, municipalities, and contractors could agree as to who should get the lion's share.

J. W. M.

Correspondence.

MRS. STANTON'S VIEWS ON MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: While thanking you for the space you have given in your columns to a review of my book 'Eighty Years and More,' and for your comments, so fair in the main, I ask still more space to correct a statement misleading to your readers and unjust to me.

You accuse me of saying, "The State has nothing to do with either marriage or divorce." On careful reading you will not find such a statement in any of my writings. My speech on "Marriage and Divorce" delivered before our Legislature in 1861, with a careful digest of the laws, under my father's supervision, was published by the thousands and scattered all over the State. My strictures on Wendell Phillips's position on this question, published in the New York *Tribune* in 1861; my answer to Judge Noah Davis, on the same point, in the *North American Review*, in 1882; an article in the *Arena* in 1890; many others on the same subject published in newspapers; my speeches in debates in conventions; the chapter on Marriage and Divorce in my book recently published, all these alike show that I not only have recognized the wisdom of laws governing the marriage relation, but desired that, so far as they relate to the entering into the contract, they should be more restrictive.

To my mind, parties to the marriage contract should be over eighteen years of age, and it should be entered into only with the consent of their parents. Any person of common sense must see the necessity of laws regulating the duties of parents to their children and to each other, the right of property, inheritance, support, alimony, etc., all important for the welfare of the State as well as the family. The only point in this relation where I have claimed individual sovereignty is the right of choice, and of "separation" when the parties are wholly incompatible and antagonistic. If they desire "divorce" in order to marry again, then the State reasserts itself.

I have always asked for more liberal laws than unhappy husbands and wives enjoy in the State of New York. This is the extent of my heresy on the question of marriage and divorce. Having been true to one relation over fifty years, by example as well as precept, I have been a law-abiding citizen and rendered due honor to the State.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

New York, May 17, 1898.

"CAMPUS."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the *Nation* of April 14 a writer comments on the absence from all dictionaries previous to the Century Dictionary of the word campus, gives an example of the term under date of 1868, and says "that it is natural to ask how long it has been in vogue, and when and where the usage originated" (p. 285).

May I be allowed to state that these questions were answered, probably as fully as it is possible to answer them, in a paper written in March, 1897, and shortly to be printed in the third volume of the 'Publications of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts'? Though writing from memory, I yet think the following statements are correct.

Campus originated at Princeton, its earliest appearance being in a letter by an undergraduate in 1774; it first occurred in print in a book of travels written by an Englishman named Finch in 1833; the first American book to contain it was Mr. B. H. Hall's 'College Words and Customs' (1851); from Princeton it spread South, then West, and about fifty years ago invaded New England, ousting the earlier *yard* or *green;* and now it is found in every State and Territory in the Union except one. Of our elder colleges, almost the only one still to refuse to accept the intruder is Harvard, and with reason, for surely it would be a pity to displace, after an existence since at least as early as 1639, the idiomatic though homely *yard*. But even at Harvard the life of the older term is threatened; for the graduates from other institutions who now flock there bring the newer term with them.

As to how the term originated, it is not easy to say; but the following explanation, though unsupported by direct evidence, is offered for what it is worth. After two migrations, the College of New Jersey was removed, in 1756 or 1757, to Princeton. At that time its grounds consisted of a field about three acres in extent, perfectly flat and treeless, in the centre of which stood a single building, Nassau Hall (now called North College). When, in 1768, Dr. Witherspoon came to Princeton, fresh from Scotland, is it not possible that, accustomed to collegiate buildings erected round a quadrangle, he was struck by the altogether different aspect of the American college, and applied to the grounds a classical term which fitly described their character? At all events, before the arrival of Witherspoon,

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yard was the word in use at Princeton, and it was during his presidency that, so far as I have been able to ascertain, the new term arose.

It may be added that *campus* is now employed in two senses: first (and this is its usual signification), it means the grounds in which the college buildings stand; and secondly, at a few institutions, it is used to designate an athletic field only.

ALBERT MATTHEWS.

CROMER, ENG., May 12, 1898.

"OF PRAYERS"; AND THE PERSONAL EQUATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your recent editorials on the subject of the possibility of the conflict of prayers during the course of the Spanish-Cuban war must serve as an extenuation for this communication.

It is an old and a true saying that every crow thinks her own blackbird the whitest, or words to that effect, and hence the personal aspect must be forgiven me. Such forgiveness is permissible when writing of one's only four-year-old. But my little boy is the happy possessor of three uncles—two by blood and one by marriage—who, for many more years than he is old, have worn Uncle Sam's livery as cavalry and artillery officers. The first night after we received news that their commands had been moved, or were to be moved at once, the little one had finished his prayers after the usual routine, and his mother had made no mention of the war or its possibilities. Consequently, John thought he must try one on his own responsibility to supply the omission, and he added: "And God bless Uncle Tyree and Uncle William and Uncle Horn, and don't let the bullets hit the soldiers, but kill all the 'Spanyons.'"

Having thus delivered himself, the bloodthirsty little Jingo was at once reconciled to the deep sleep of childhood.

FLOURNOY RIVERS.

PULASKI, TENN.

Notes.

'Animal Intelligence,' from the point of view of the comparative psychologist, by Wesley Mills, is announced for early publication by the Macmillan Co.

T. Fisher Unwin, London, will publish next fall a study of the lithographic art, historical and æsthetical, by Joseph Pennell.

'The Art of Taxidermy,' by John Rowley; 'Familiar Life in Field and Forest,' by F. Schuyler Mathews; 'News from the Birds,' by L. S. Keyser; 'On the Farm,' by F. W. Parker and Nellie L. Helm; and Félix Gras's 'The Terror,' a romance of the French Revolution, translated by Mrs. Janvier, are current announcements by D. Appleton & Co.

A study of the "Paradiso," entitled 'Dante's Ten Heavens,' by Edmund G. Gardner, is in the press of Charles Scribner's Sons.

The second volume to appear in the Biographical Thackeray (Harpers) is 'Pendennis,' and Mrs. Ritchie's introduction of thirty pages is taken up mainly with letters and reminiscences relating to her father's Charterhouse and Cambridge days. The suggestion is, of course, that the raw material of personal experience in those years was afterwards worked up in the novel. Several new sketches appear in the introduction, two of which, "Telemachus Recounting his Adventures to Calypso" and "The Hogmagundy" (a suggestion to FitzGerald for a new musical instrument—a suggestion unconsciously plagiarized, by the way, in a recent *Fliegende Blätter*), are in Thackeray's best manner.

Of particular interest at the present moment is a collection of short tales by Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield, entitled 'Where the Trade Wind Blows,' and published by the Macmillan Co., being descriptive of life on the banana plantations of a Spanish West Indian isle. Dramas of varying degrees of intensity we are given, such as there should be no lack of in a spot where the landed proprietor, native-born or exotic, takes an easy view of the seventh commandment, and the peon of all shades and as many dialects combines an ignorance of all the commandments with the possession of sundry vices and passions commonly credited in abundance to the inhabitants of the tropics. An agreeable manner of treatment, a knowledge of the people, the lands, and the fruits thereof, and a good sense of humor, make these tales interesting reading, if hardly an exposition of the pleasantest phases of human nature, or an encouragement to those ardent patriots who are so eager to add a mongrel population to our own.

The Bosworth-Toller Anglo-Saxon Dictionary (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde) needs no introduction to our readers. Part i. was published sixteen years ago, and few special lexicons are better known or have been more criticised. The end of the alphabet has at last been reached. Part iv., section ii. (pp. 961-1302), conducts the searcher from *swith-snel* to *ytmest;* and those patient and economical students who have kept their copies unbound, in spite of bother and dogs-ears, will receive this final instalment with something like rapture. But what will their feelings be when they read in the Preface that certain matters requiring revision "will be attempted in a supplement, which will be prepared as soon as possible"? That the earlier parts of the work need revision is undoubted—indeed, it is not too much to say that parts i., ii. ought to be rewritten—but it is hard to see how anything satisfactory can be done in a Supplement. Has any department of learning been unluckier than Anglo-Saxon lexicography?

The new Syriac text of the Gospels recently published in England is now followed by 'The Coptic Version of the New Testament in the Northern Dialect, otherwise called Memphitic and Bohairic' (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde). The two volumes now issued, under the editorial supervision of the Rev. G. Horner, contain the four Gospels. In deference to the opinion of Profs. Stern and Guidi and the late Prof. P. de Lagarde, the text of a single MS. (Huntington 17, in the Bodleian Library) has been printed, without attempt at emendation—obviously the right course. There is an introduction, with critical apparatus, and a literal English translation. Schwartze's text has been the standard throughout. The editorial work appears to be carefully done, and the thanks of New Testament students are due to Mr. Horner, on whom the preparation of these volumes has entailed a great expenditure of time and labor (among other things the collation of over fifty Coptic MSS.). It is also a sort of international work; the editor has had the support and assistance of the English scholars, Neubauer, Ellis, Margoliouth, Headlam, Robinson, and Rieu; the Italians Guidi and Carini; the Germans Stern, Pietschmann, Erman, Steindorff, and Schmidt; the French Zotenberg and Taram; the Americans, Hyvernat and Gregory (the latter a professor in the University of Leipzig), and the Patriarch Cyril of Alexandria, and other Egyptians. A detailed comparison of the text with that of the Greek MSS. and other authorities cited by Tischendorf is promised by Mr. Horner.

The second volume of Alfred Zimmermann's "Die Europäischen Kolonien" (Berlin: Mittler) is entitled 'Die Kolonialpolitik Grossbritanniens.' It is a volume of nearly 500 pages, and traces the history of English colonization from the earliest times to the period of the American Revolution and the achievement of American independence. The work is written with admirable perspicuity and impartiality, and is rendered additionally attractive and instructive by three chromolithographic maps showing the growth of English colonies in North America till 1783, and of British possessions in India and other parts of the world at the end of the eighteenth century.

The latest number of "Litterarische Forschungen," edited by Prof. Schick of Munich and Prof. Von Waldberg of Heidelberg, and published by Feller in Weimar, is Georg Sarrazin's 'William Shakespeare's Lehrjahre.' The author points out what he deems two errors in the criticism of Shakspere: first, the rejection of his earlier works because they are not thought good enough for him, and, secondly, the rejection of him as a poet because, from what we know of his character and career, he is not thought good enough for his works. This latter view gave rise to the Baconian theory. The present monograph attempts to trace the development of Shakspere's genius as revealed in his youthful productions, before he attained the mastery generally associated with his name.

The change in the character of the work of the Boston Public Library is well illustrated by the May Bulletin of additions, in which, out of some four hundred titles, only thirteen are of works of English fiction. The Bulletin also contains the first two parts of a useful list of books on social reform, including those upon early and present industrial and social conditions; as well as a list of the 184 serials of which an analytical card index is being published by the American Library Association. This is in a measure supplementary to the scheme of the Royal Society of London for cataloguing scientific literature; the publications of the more important learned societies being chosen, together with those relating to sociology, political science, history, geography, philosophy, and other allied subjects.

In the combined Nos. 1-6 of Volume 30 of the Bulletin of the Essex Institute one may read the interesting proceedings at the festive celebration of the first half century of this unique foundation in Salem, Mass. Its success on the side of collections in antiquities, art, natural history, and publications has taxed all its resources for house room, and it is still an object for a wise public-spirited benevolence. At this festival an offer was received, from the son of the sculptor W. W. Story, of his late father's casts of his principal works; and announce-

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ment was made by Mr. George R. Curwen that he intended to bequeath to the Institute all his domestic antique furniture, portraits, china, and glass—the portraits including the likenesses of ten generations of the donor's family, all Salem people. The Salem Lyceum has this year dissolved itself into the Institute, which will carry on its lecture courses.

In January of this year the *Archivio Storico dell' Arte* put on a new and highly ornamental cover, with a new title, *L'Arte*. The change appears to have been made in order that the review may treat on occasion of modern as well as of ancient art.

In the same month was published the first number of the *Rivista d'Italia*, a monthly magazine, whose list of contributors includes such names as Carducci, Arturo Graf, Isidor Del Longo, Domenico Grioli, Fogazzaro, Paolo Lioy, and many others of the most prominent names in Italian literature. There are a few good illustrations, wherever such can add to the value of the text. The price (20 lire for Italy and 25 for the countries included in the postal union) is moderate enough to promise success for the praiseworthy enterprise.

The Geological Survey of New South Wales has begun the publication of a new serial entitled *Mineral Resources*. The two numbers which have appeared treat of chromic iron ore, its modes of occurrence, mining, dressing, uses, and value, and of the occurrence of Tungsten ores. Both papers are by J. E. Carne, F.G.S.

"Petroleum in Burma" is the subject of an elaborate paper by Dr. F. Noetling in the latest volume of the *Memoirs* of the Geological Survey of India. The author describes the geological features of the localities where oil is found, and discusses the economic importance of the different oil-fields. There has been a great increase in the number of productive wells since 1888, and the amount of oil produced has increased several hundred per cent. Maps and illustrations accompany this memoir.

The latest issue of that excellent bi-monthly, the *Zeitschrift* of the German Palestine Society, although a double number (vol. xx., parts 2 and 3), is devoted entirely to a splendid specimen of original research, namely, the investigation of the Southern Bashan districts, east of the Jordan, by Dr. G. Schumacher of Haifa, who has for months been traversing the country by appointment of the Society. The article discusses with accuracy and full details what has hitherto been practically a *terra incognita* in Biblical and Oriental geography. It is accompanied by seventy-seven illustrations, all new and given with exact measurements. The fine map, which covers Northern Adshlun and Southern Hauran, is on a scale of 1:152,000, and is based almost entirely on new researches of Schumacher's made during the years 1895-96. Its usefulness is materially enhanced by a list of names, covering all the localities mentioned; these are given in both Arabic and in transcription, together with explanatory notes.

The Ministry for Education and Public Worship of the Austro-Hungarian Empire has published a report of the attendance at the eight universities to be found in the kingdoms and countries represented in the Reichsrath. The data are for the winter semester of 1897-98. The grand total is 16,995, an increase of 274 over the preceding half year. The number of students is thus a little more than one-half the university attendance in Germany. Of this total, 1,200 are students of theology, 8,335 are in the law department, 4,316 in the medical, and 2,544 in the philosophical. These are distributed among the universities themselves in the following order: Vienna, 6,534; Innsbruck, 1,008; Prague (German), 1,321; Prague (Bohemian), 2,839; Lemburg, 1,726; Cracow, 1,443; Czernowitz, 385. The theological faculties report an increase of 111 students, the law department of 257, and the philosophical of 343, while the medical faculties show a decrease of 412.

The University of Erlangen has been put on the defensive against insinuations on account of the disproportionately large number of its doctor promotions. It seems that in 1896-97 Erlangen turned out more doctors than any other German university, and one-half of all the *doctores juris* of that year in the whole Empire (177 out of 355). This startling fact the University attributes to the "freedom from formalities and ceremoniousness" of its regulations—an explanation which does not fully satisfy some of the critics, who, however, disclaim imputing to the Bavarian university the principle formerly recognized by another small university: "Accipimus pecuniam et mittimus asinum in patriam."

The conception of the stage as an educational agency, which has been quite general in Germany since the time of Schiller, has in recent years produced practical results in the shape of representations for the special benefit of pupils of the common schools. At Hamburg eight thousand children were three times (in January, February, and March) taken to the Stadt-Theater, where such plays as "William Tell," "The Maid of Orleans," and "Minna von Barnhelm" were given with an excellent assignment of parts. The seating capacity of the house being two thousand, each play had to be given four times. The price of admission had been put at six cents, and when it was found that some children could not afford even this small amount, they were provided with tickets at the expense of beneficent citizens. It is interesting to read in the Hamburg *Jugend-Warte* the favorable expressions of teachers concerning the influence of these entertainments upon their pupils; they may be summed up in the words of one of them: "The school representations are an educational instrument of the first rank." At Leipzig and Breslau, and probably in other cities, similar advantages are offered to the pupils of the upper classes of the *Volksschulen*, though not on as generous a scale as at Hamburg.

The Danish Medical Association, with the assistance of the Government, has, during the past few months, distributed throughout Denmark placards and pamphlets giving careful instructions for the prevention of tuberculosis. The placards are to be hung up in conspicuous places in railroad carriages and stations, schools and factories, and are distributed without charge to those asking for them. This measure, combined with the efforts that are now being made for the establishment of hospitals for the special treatment of tuberculosis, ought to have an appreciable effect upon the present rapid spread of the disease in Denmark.

The abolitionists used to be credited with long memories, and longevity was also their portion. From time to time the press writes the obituary of the "last survivor" of the Garrisonian band, and there are always more to come. Mr. F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia, sends us from his well-known photographic studio an imperial panel portrait of the late Robert Purvis of the same city, who was actually the last survivor of the little company that founded in Philadelphia the American Anti-Slavery Society in December, 1833. He was the youngest but one of all the members of the convention, being the senior by a few months of the late James Miller McKim. Mr. Purvis, though allied by blood and marriage with the African race, was a man of singularly handsome and wholly Anglo-Saxon appearance, of polished manners, and yet logically a target for the prejudice which would have subjected him to the usual indignities visited upon his "color." Mr. Gutekunst's portrait is excellent.

The same artist sends us a corresponding portrait of President Patton of Princeton; and this too is to be praised.

—*Hand, hang,* and *have* are the show-pieces in Dr. Murray's first instalment of H for the Oxford Dictionary (New York: Henry Frowde), which is unusually full of matter for curious study. Take the attributives, nouns, and verbs derived from proper names. *Hamiltonian* has no fewer than four allusions: to James Hamilton (1769-1831) and his system of teaching languages; to Sir William Hamilton (1788-1856), the Scotch philosopher; to Sir William Rowan Hamilton (1805-'65), the Irish mathematician; and finally to Alexander Hamilton. The *hansom* cab perpetuates the name of the architect and designer who in 1834 patented the prototype of this vehicle. The English botanist Stephen Hales is the namesake of the genus *Halesia*, to which belongs our Southern snowdrop or silver-bell tree; and, observing that this name is pronounced in four syllables, with the stress on the antepenult, we wonder if South African Rhodesia is or is to be a rhyme for it. To *Hansardize* means "to confront (a member of Parliament) with his former utterances as recorded in 'Hansard' "—to Chamberlainize, as it were; to employ the deadly parallel. To *Harvey* or *Harveyize* steel plates is to harden them "by a process invented by H[ayward] A. Harvey of New Jersey (patented in England 1888, No. 401)," as all who know the end-of-the-century armored vessel are aware. Lincoln's "half slave and half free" is quoted under *half;* and under *hang together* Franklin's "Yes, or we shall assuredly all hang separately." Franklin, by the way, would have missed the printer's "hanging indention," and Keats's Letters (Jan. 5, 1818) would have supplied an extra shade of meaning for *hang out:* "Stopping at a tavern they call hanging out. Where do you sup? is Where do you hang out?"

—Bentham's "greatest happiness of the greatest number" had a singular history. It "was first enunciated by Hutcheson, 1725, thence taken into Italian, 'la massima felicità nel maggior numero,' by Beccaria," in 1764, reappearing in English in a translation of this author's 'Dei Delitti e delle Pene' in 1766; "thence in Priestley, 1768, and Bentham, 1776," while Gen. Perronet Thompson in 1829 shortened it to "greatest happiness principle," "rule of greatest happiness." Types of such transmigrations are also *harlequin*, the Italian *arlecchino* being possibly the same as Old French *herlequin*, etc., of which "the ultimate origin is possibly Teutonic"; and *harquebūs*, Middle High Ger-

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man *hake(n)bühse*, transformed by Italian popular etymology into *arcobuso*, this in turn effecting a change of the earlier French name *haquebute* into *arquebus*, which was taken over into English. The dish *haggis*, "now considered specially Scotch," was popular in English cookery down to the beginning of the eighteenth century. A certain class of purists will be surprised to find *had rather* quietly ranged in line with *had better*, *had liefer*, *had sooner*, with a reference to Dr. F. Hall's "exhaustive treatment" of this idiom (as, by the way, for *Hansa* we are referred to Dr. Gross), and similarly to find the colloquial *have got* cited as a simple example of the present tense of *have* forming a present of completed action, or "present perfect." The noun *has-been* (the veteran who lags superfluous on the stage, one past his usefulness) ought to have retained its obsolete fellow *hadiwist* (vain regret, if I had known). The three forms, *hap hazard*, *hap-hazard*, *haphazard* suggest a principle of hyphenation (to avoid the ambiguous *ph* when the two words are written as one).

—In Mr. Arthur Waugh's 'Pamphlet Library' (Henry Holt & Co.) the volume of religious tracts is edited by the Rev. Percy Dearmer. His range is considerably wider than that of Mr. Rhys in the literary section, or than that of Mr. Pollard in the political. Whereas Mr. Rhys begins with Sidney's 'Apologie for Poetry' and Mr. Pollard with Sexby's 'Killing No Murder,' Mr. Dearmer goes back to Wyclif's 'Septem Hereses' and ends with No. 7 of the "Tracts for the Times." In further comparison with these predecessors his selections are shorter, more widely representative, and, it seems to us, more informed with the spirit of terse polemic. Out of his eighteen pieces only two deal with general religious topics. Fox's 'Concerning the Rule' and Swift's 'Abolishing of Christianity' neither of them gets far into the depths of abstract speculation, but, especially in the case of Swift, they are more than sectarian. The rest centre round points connected either with the Church of Rome, or with the Church of England, or with difficulties cropping out between the Establishment and Dissenters. It should be remembered that the cornerstone of the series is a rigid test. Only those pamphlets are admitted "which, besides possessing the saving qualities of distinction and style, have also exercised a striking influence upon the current events." In Mr. Dearmer's volume the names of Halifax, Defoe, Swift, Sydney Smith, and Newman vouch for "style and distinction," while there is no denying the effect produced by Simon Fish's 'Supplicacyon for the Beggers,' Prynne's 'Looking-Glasse for Lordly Prelates,' and Law's 'Second Letter to the Bishop of Bangor.' Cartright, Parsons, Bastwick, Baxter, and Charles Leslie are among the other writers included. We must say that we always find Martin Marprelate a little tiresome, though we cannot deny the historical importance of the controversy. Apart from the amusement which one has in watching the deft cut and thrust of these old encounters, a valuable impression is left by the sight of sixteenth and seventeenth-century sword-play, as it was practised in religious broils. To use the editor's own words, "it cannot fail to encourage the growth of that historic sense which has proved so useful a solvent of many bitter disputations."

—The decision of the Minister of Public Instruction against the further admission of foreign (*i. e.*, non-Prussian) students to the department of mechanical engineering in the Technische Hochschule of Charlottenburg shows the most radical way of solving the "Ausländerfrage" which has for some time been agitating the public mind in various parts of Germany. A more gentle and no doubt quite effective remedy for the crowding of excessive numbers of students from without into some German technical institutions and universities would be found, as the editor of the *Hochschul-Nachrichten* remarks, in the enforcement of uniform requirements for admission in the case of all students. That the question itself may become a serious one appears from reports of several institutions. Thus, the non-German students at the Darmstadt Polytechnicum, one of the smaller institutions of its kind, numbered three hundred during the last semester. The authorities have, however, not thought it best to adopt any restrictive measures beyond requiring foreigners to furnish proof of sufficient means of subsistence. In Saxony the Ministry has had under consideration an increase of tuition fees for students from other states, in order to relieve the pressure for room in the lecture halls and laboratories of the famous mining academy of Freiberg. The senate of the Technical High School at Brunswick has somewhat stiffened the entrance conditions for foreigners without otherwise yielding to certain demands made by the student body which betrayed a narrow and hostile spirit towards foreigners. Various motives and interests, some perfectly legitimate and honorable, others rather selfish and narrow-minded, are at the bottom of this whole question, and there is every prospect that the near future will bring about changes in the conditions under which students from other countries can enter German technical schools and universities. The granting of the degree of M.D. by the University of Berlin to foreign students whose general preparatory training was sufficient, has already been made the subject of discussion in medical associations and in the press.

—The results of the investigation of the committee appointed by the Sociedad Geográfica of Lima (Peru) to ascertain exact data concerning the effect of high altitudes upon the human body, are beginning to appear in the Bulletin of that society, the first instalment of measurements of vital or respiratory capacity being published in the number corresponding to the second trimestre of 1897. The measurements were made by Dr. La Puente with modern instruments of precision, and include external dimensions of the thorax as well as the quantity of air exhaled after a forced inhalation—that is to say, the vital capacity. The results are stated in tabular form substantially without comment, and hence require some manipulation to fit them for comparison with the results obtained by Hutchinson and others. Taking one of the most interesting tables from measurements made on indigenous Indians resident in the vicinity of Oroya, 12,248 feet above sea level, and correcting for age and stature, the average vital capacity is 3,847.5 cubic centimetres, which is only 78.72 cubic centimetres greater than the European average for men thirty-five years old, and of an average stature of 1.727 metres. The Oroya Indians show an average stature of 1.65 metres. While the result is hardly what might have been anticipated, some individuals certainly possess extraordinary respiratory capacity, in one case reaching 4,400 cubic centimetres, the age being eighteen years, and the height 1.69 metres. This is equivalent to a capacity of 4,797.4 cubic centimetres for a man of normal height thirty-five years old. It would seem that the observations of travellers concerning the increase of lung capacity with rarefaction of the air must have been based upon such extraordinary cases rather than upon average ones. The same number of the Bulletin contains an interesting article by Federico Moreno upon mortality in the city of Lima. With the exception of one brief period from 1857 to 1860, the annual increase of population has never reached one per cent. since the year 1700. Considering the natural healthfulness of the dry western coast of South America, this is a condition which, as Señor Moreno well insists, should be promptly remedied. Bad sanitation is responsible in part for Lima occupying a position as the eighth unhealthiest important city in the world, although the ravages of consumption, due to the almost universal prevalence of tuberculosis in the cattle supplying the city with milk, mount up to 27.24 per cent. of the total deaths. In charming contrast to this state of things is the record of Piura, where, against 750 deaths, there were 1,780 births in three years; and even this is exceeded by Sullana, where, during the past seven years, there have been only 700 deaths, while the number of births reached 4,485.

RECENT NOVELS.

The Disaster. By Paul and Victor Margueritte. Translated with an introduction by Frederick Lees. D. Appleton & Co.

For Love of Country. By Cyrus Townsend Brady, Archdeacon of Pennsylvania. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Federal Judge. By Charles R. Lush. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Lin McLean. By Owen Wister. Harper & Brothers.

Three Partners, and Tales of Trail and Town. By Bret Harte. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Tales of the Home Folks in Peace and War. By Joel Chandler Harris. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Gloria Victis. By J. A. Mitchell. Charles Scribner's Sons.

An American Mother, and Other Stories. By Mary Lanman Underwood. Wausau, Wisconsin: Van Vechten & Ellis.

The Whirlpool. By George Gissing. F. A. Stokes Co.

The School for Saints. By John Oliver Hobbes. F. A. Stokes Co.

'The Disaster,' a translation of 'Le Désastre' by MM. Paul and Victor Margueritte, is a vivid and impressive account of the Franco-Prussian war. There are some fictitious persons, or, at least names, but artifices of construction are discarded, and the actual events of a consummate tragedy presented in chronological succession with an air of unaffected veracity. The opening scene is a state reception at Saint Cloud, when war was in the air, when it was felt that "war was wanted in high places"—an epitome of that splendid sham, the Second Empire. Here Pierre du Breuil, the connecting link of events, is introduced, and his observations

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and feelings forecast that disastrous future whose spectre from the beginning obstructed for thoughtful men the pleasant, easy road to Berlin. Du Breuil is a soldier tried in Italy and Africa, and, at the moment, an orderly officer of the Minister of War. From the agitation and confusion of preparation for advance to the Rhine, he passes with Bazaine's corps to Metz as an officer of the general staff. So he has every chance to know all that the chiefs permitted to be known of their plans, to take part in several battles, to observe confusion, mismanagement, corruption in every department of the service, and to hear the officers' criticism of Bazaine—at first a whisper of discontent, growing to accusation of bad faith, culminating in rage, despair, and a cry of, "Treason."

The characterization of Du Breuil and a number of brother officers shows many remarkable literary qualities. They come from the nobility, the bourgeoisie, and the peasantry; some are passionate, impetuous, gay, some are cool, prudent, severe; but all are brave, patriotic soldiers, heedful of military discipline, obedient to the leader's orders even when their wisdom is doubted, consciously blind pieces in the game. When the end comes and a great army is handed over to the enemy, a few cannot endure such humiliation, the natural man asserts himself, and each takes his destiny in his own hands, finding liberty or death. But Du Breuil feels that as he would have shared the army's glory, so he must share its shame, and, bowing his head to the Prussian yoke, he goes into captivity, an obedient soldier, but a poor hero of romance.

The authors' object, however, is not to lead one man or a dozen men through a series of marvellous exploits to a picturesquely heroic conclusion. They have tried to describe vividly in detail the inception, conduct, and result of a war in which an army full of spirit and patriotism was vanquished as much by the incompetence of some powerful persons and the baseness of others as by the superior skill and force of the enemy. They have achieved even more than they undertook, for their description of one war includes, besides pictures of battles and fighting-men, pictures of the effects of the struggle on the condition and morale of the French people, and is an indictment of every war as a grim satire on the assumptions of Christian civilization. These authors, it is well to remember, were soldiers before they became authors, and their father fell at Sedan, charging at the head of his Chasseurs d'Afrique. Their observations, feelings, and conclusions cannot be scoffed at as the dreams and imaginations of mere literary fellows. Their book has the authority of knowledge and the bitterness of experience.

Love and war by sea and land divide the honors of Archdeacon Brady's tale of the Revolution entitled 'For Love of Country.' The author has the power to make an old tale appear better and clearer than a new one, a power born of enthusiasm for the cause, and a belief that the Revolution was a passionate struggle for human rights—as nearly as possible, a righteous war. His patriotism being a finer sentiment than partisanship, he treats the enemy with unfailing courtesy. The English sailor, Lord Desborough, is as fine a figure as his rival and foe, the American, John Seymour. The laurel for supreme courage is given to Capt. Vincent and the crew of the *Yarmouth*, who, after annihilating the little *Randolph*, went down with their disabled ship in perfect order, cheering the red flag of England nailed to the wrecked mast-head. This famous engagement is uncommonly well described, but perhaps not better than that between the *Ranger*, commanded by Capt. John Paul Jones, and the English frigate *Juno*. In these old-time fights the ship shares the life and spirit of the men, and the combat has vastly greater human interest than one between modern death-dealing machines. To the description the author brings knowledge acquired by service in the navy, which probably helps the uninitiated to understand and to feel as if he were in the thick of things. The chapters given to the crossing of the Delaware and the Jersey campaign are rather out of direct interest, and chiefly valuable for a natural and pleasing sketch of Washington. In the love romance, laughter and tears are fairly mingled, and a happy way found out of sore trial. The political faith of the young rebel, Kate Wilton, and of the old royalist, Mrs. Talbot, is an animating force, not a garment, and the suffering of each a personal contribution, from one to the Country and from the other to the King.

The potency of fashion is well illustrated by the prevalence of the novel of romantic and picturesque adventure. Many of the chroniclers of the commonplace so plentiful a few years ago have disappeared from public view, and most of the younger aspirants to fame dip their pens in blood. Mr. Lush, the author of 'The Federal Judge,' has rather flown in the face of fashion and written a sober novel about people engaged in commerce and the practice of peaceful professions. Still, the subject is war—war between a great corporation and the people; but the conflict is conducted by minds, and the most deadly implement is an injunction of doubtful validity, issued by the Federal Judge to restrain the employees of the Trans-American Railroad from striking. The story develops the methods Mr. Gardwell used to advance his corporation's interests without reference to honor or honesty, and to assure his own fortune at any cost. Gardwell is an unscrupulous person of infinite resource, but comes to an inglorious end through follies of which a duller villain, with a little prudence, would hardly have been capable. He is very well drawn, but not well enough to satisfy, because he succeeds too easily, and never encounters any serious opposition. His great achievement is the capture of the simple, honest circuit judge, Tracy Dunn, and the conversion of this sworn foe of corporations into a most pliable and useful tool. By his tact and keen judgment of men, he makes a friend of the Judge, and then, realizing the insufficiency of common methods of corruption, by bringing to bear subtle and well-calculated influences, without exciting a suspicion in the mind of the Judge, makes him perfectly his own. The characterization of the Judge is an excellent bit of work, and the moral of it is that every man has his price, though some may sell themselves unwittingly. Mr. Lush has a good deal to learn about novel-writing. His romance is hampered by lifeless conventions, and his style is not a style, but a way of telling things too plain and literal to charm. These are defects which may be overcome and probably will be by a writer with a desire to express things well worth that trouble, and with the very rare power of putting a real man in a book.

When America is so old that native heroes shall have become epical and legendary, the cow-boy will doubtless be the centre of an imposing cycle. Mr. Wister's Western sketches are valuable contributions to the tradition. The name of the last, "Lin McLean," is well chosen for perpetuation. The legend of Lin McLean sounds as well as the legend of Arthur, or Roland, or Amadis. Already his figure has the imaginative charm of a vanishing type, for Mr. Wister says that he lived long ago, in the "happy days when Wyoming was a Territory with a future instead of a State with a past, and the unfenced cattle grazed upon her ranges by prosperous thousands." He possesses qualities necessary for heroes of any race or nation, such as daring in war, gallantry in love, and a reserve of emotional sensibility. To these he adds an impassive demeanor, an ironical outlook on his world, and a command of sententious comment and sparkling metaphor without which no hero could be accepted as American.

Bret Harte will always be the great authority for the myth of the "Forty-Niner," though his later works tend to enfeeble the early vigorous conception of mid-century Argonauts. He seems to have lost his intuitive skill, and to have made no perceptible advance in art by the constant practice of writing. One of his recent productions, "Three Partners," is a vulgar intrigue without motive, badly constructed, and in the end quite incoherent. Another, "Tales of Trail and Town," is less discreditable to his reputation. Some of the episodes are thrilling, and some of the characters strongly imagined, but every tale is impaired in value or rendered worthless by faults that can be attributed only to laziness, or indifference, or an absolute failure of literary instinct.

Mr. Joel Chandler Harris has written many tales of Georgia, the civil war, and the colored brother, but has had the discretion not to overwrite. We are already familiar with the kind of people who move through his latest volume, 'Tales of the Home Folk,' and meet them without expectation of novelty, but with hope of being well entertained. The author's kind, genial, and humorous personality lives in every episode, and unfailingly excites the desirable sensations of pleasure and satisfaction. In one sketch, "The Late Mr. Watkins of Georgia," Mr. Harris recounts with excellent humor the troubles brought upon him by the "Uncle Remus" tales. The learned to the earth's remotest ends appear to have taken him with embarrassing solemnity, and call upon him in many tongues to engage in the most acrimonious controversies about folk-lore and myth.

In Mr. Mitchell's clever and original tale, 'Gloria Victis,' a country clergyman, Dr. Thorne, startles his congregation by declaring that Christ reincarnate frequently visits this earth to lift up those who despair and to lead sinners to repentance. By the miracle wrought in his last chapter, the author attempts to show that Dr. Thorne's conviction was not an hallucination. Though the attempt is perhaps too daring for complete success, it is not a failure, and the incident appears possible if not probable. Undoubtedly, since a miracle was needed to save Steve Wadsworth, objection to its use would be ungrateful. He is a most attrac-

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tive youth, and, however surprising, never incredible, always a logical argument from his inheritance. This unpleasant and dangerous inheritance is described by Mr. Mitchell in uncompromising modern fashion, bluntly, tersely, with much insidious irony and humor. His manner is rather better suited to realistic narrative than to the discussion of Christian doctrines and ethics. For these serious subjects he is a trifle flippant, never, however, falling into irreverence or cheap cynicism.

Most of the tales in the volume entitled 'An American Mother' are impressions of New York's most fashionable society, not much more than gossip without the piquancy of scandal. The author, like most writers who present their observations of this class to the general public, firmly believes that its one aim is to repress individuality, that it abhors independent action and holds originality equivalent to irretrievable disgrace. Twenty or even ten years ago this may have been Gospel truth, but we feel that justice is not being done to the development of our aristocracy. It is hardly possible that a class intimately familiar with the ways of genuine aristocrats can have perpetuated errors natural enough in its primitive, experimental period. Some one must have been keen enough to discover that no mortal is so carelessly and confidently himself as is a duke, or an earl, or even a penniless younger son of unquestioned lineage. Such observations must surely have been whispered about New York and Newport and Lenox, and excited an earnest effort towards imitation of illustrious example. It is at all events wise to receive with caution the statements of persons who tell us that our aristocrats are still intensely preoccupied with questions of etiquette, and have no ambition except to be colorless members of a recognized "best set"—our shabby substitute for "nobility and gentry." The characters in two or three of these sketches are far removed from the paralyzing influence of a best set, and in dealing with them Miss Underwood shows some knowledge of human nature. She has an excellent notion of form and a lively style, which make one regret a waste of talent on the appearances of things.

The best of the people in Mr. Gissing's 'Whirlpool' are only upper-middle-class, yet have many points in common with the American aristocrat as celebrated in fiction. They have a similar solicitude about sets, and a similar regard for uniformity of manner and of taste in clothes and cookery. They have not nearly so much money, and indeed suffer great inconvenience through the inadequacy of bank accounts for desired expenditure. The families who are in, or are struggling to get into, the whirlpool of London life, derive their incomes from the professions or the stock exchange or the timely legacies of a maiden aunt—that special British providence of the helpless or unfortunate or spendthrift nephew. These families ought to be happy, but are not, and their discomfort is in every instance attributed to the folly of the women. Mrs. Abbott, Mrs. Rolfe, Mrs. Carnaby, Mrs. Leach are all blessed with affectionate husbands, who slave for them, believe in them, and run into debt for them. Some of these ladies give in return snubs, bad temper, constant demands for more money and for absolute freedom from domestic care. Others preserve a fair face, but cherish a deadly determination to get what they want, which is generally what their lords don't want, and always what they have to pay for. The only reasonably happy pair live in the country, where the wife—occupied with children and chickens—has no time to strike for freedom, and finds mental refreshment in the husband's Latin quotations. Fate has surely been especially cruel to Mr. Gissing in his experience of women.

The affairs of these families are closely enough interwoven to make a novel, but Mr. Gissing cares less for the whole effect than for the representation of individuals. He cannot see that though the separate characterization may be true, the combination is false. He falls into the commonest error of pessimists, so keen for defect and failure that they ignore perfection and success. So their labor, however sincere, is futile. They teach nothing, because nobody of age to read and understand them believes what they say.

In 'The School for Saints' Mrs. Craigie has relied but little on herself, and has shown an humble and catholic spirit in imitation. Her first scene, at Miraflores, and several others, including the important one near the end in Catesby Church, are very close copies of George Meredith's method and manner. The primitive Fathers and famous liturgies contribute largely to her expression of religious sentiment, the modern and minor romantic novelists to the adventures with the Carlists in Spain, while the hand of Disraeli, so long dead in letters, is over all. The author challenges comparison with Disraeli by introducing him in her story, epigram incarnate, "wearing a light overcoat, gray trousers, a white hat, and lavender gloves." These details of costume help us to know when he is being Delphic in his own person and when in Mrs. Craigie's. The worst of his domination of the page is that it casts suspicion on those dashing cynicisms and brilliant ironies which sparkle all over Mrs. Craigie's less serious and more amusing works.

Separately, the other literary influences have not affected her badly, but she has not assimilated them to the point of producing harmony and unity. The book, therefore, is tiresome and artificial except in the expression of religious sentiment, which has an ardor illogical and hot as of one newly come into inheritance of faith. Respectable though Mrs. Craigie's ambition may be, it has soared too high. She has not been able to sustain characters through a series of situations in which different aspects must show themselves—characters that cannot be hit off by a few epigrams. The intrinsic unreality of her book is not modified by such devices as italics, footnotes, and marginal references to lost documents. These are but feeble protests to establish a suspected veracity, and suggest the author's consciousness of weakness and insufficiency.

A DICTIONARY OF CLASSICAL QUOTATIONS.

A Dictionary of Quotations (Classical). By T. B. Harbottle. The Macmillan Co. 1897.

"Quotation," said Dr. Johnson, "is a good thing; there is a community of mind in it. Classical quotation is the parole of literary men all over the world." That was in the happy *tempus actum* when a background of solid classical scholarship was to be assumed in the literary man. Even in these days of dictionary erudition the adroit journalist recognizes that, in the embroidery of quotations which he is to palm off as an essay, an occasional gold thread of classical allusion gives an agreeable and easy effect of learning worn lightly. To offer the world an idea with the air of an inventor, and drive it home with a classical illustration in which it has already been crystallized in inevitable language, is a literary trick that has always been crowned with success. The appearance of the first really exhaustive manual of classical quotations may be, from the old-fashioned point of view, but a sign of the distemper of learning. But the old-fashioned point of view is one that the breathless hack writer cannot afford. For him Mr. Harbottle's book is a whole armory of weapons. "Quicquid bene dictum est ab ullo, meum est," is an article of his unspoken creed, and, with Mr. Harbottle by his side, he need never open Seneca.

It was no slight task that the compiler of the book set himself when he attempted to select from the whole range of Greek and Latin authors, classical and post-classical, those utterances on life and men and manners that have been echoed through literature, and are still in many cases alive in the mouths of men who could never refer you to the *locus classicus* for them. Mr. Harbottle can have derived little assistance from existing manuals of the kind, for such works as King's 'Classical and Foreign Quotations' or Riley's old-fashioned 'Dictionary of Latin Quotations' cover a very limited field and are hardly to be placed in the same category with his scholarly achievement. To make such a collection exhaustive was naturally out of the question in a volume of 542 pages. In any case, another man's selection of *loci classici* will never be entirely to the taste of the scholar. But the general reader who should turn to this manual for the originals of the stock phrases for which he dimly suspects a classical source, would seldom be disappointed. There are even learned men, we imagine, who would come off badly in an examination in the curiosities of literature, such as could be set from Mr. Harbottle's pages. How many are there, for instance, who could tell you offhand that the εὕρηκα of Archimedes must be looked for in the pages of Vitruvius, 'De Architectura,' or that the *experimentum in corpore vili* dates from the sixteenth-century writer Teissier?. Mr. Harbottle has perforce left *poeta nascitur non fit* and *quem deus vult perdere prius dementat* in the provoking anonymity that has so long obscured their origin. For the latter, at any rate, the scholiast on Sophocles, 'Antigone,' 620, furnishes a fairly satisfactory Greek prototype. It would be a curious inquiry how Justinian's *in flagrante crimine* was transformed for purposes of quotation into *in flagrante delicto*, or why Pliny's *ne supra crepidam sutor* regularly figures as *ne sutor ultra crepidam*.

One of the compiler's chief difficulties was to secure an effect of *lucidus ordo* for such a manual. By means of three indices, of authors, subject-matter, and Greek and Latin words, he has supplemented the alphabetical arrangement which, taken alone, lands one in hopeless confusion. Even as it is, we think that much might have been done in the way of cross-reference and more judicious grouping of subject-matter. The alphabetical order is, with apparent caprice, occasionally abandoned for such grouping—

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not always with happy results: *e. g., nil admirari* is not found in its alphabetical position on p. 161, but appended to a less well known dictum of Cicero on p. 164. This would be well enough if it had been done consistently; it would certainly have been better, for example, to place together the *mens conscia recti* of Virgil, Ovid, and Ausonius (we note in passing that the Virgilian reference is ignored in the index). We fail to see why Cicero's reference to the triumphant death-song of the swan should be given, while the original passage from the 'Phædo' is altogether omitted. We defy any one to find *nescit vox missa reverti* by the index, and the alphabetical order will fail him unless he knows the whole passage. On p. 57, Sallust's translation of a famous line in the 'Septem' of Æschylus is given with no indication that the original appears on p. 450; on p. 207 we ought to be told that the passage from Claudian is a translation of a couplet in the Anthology; on p. 253 the quotation from P. Syrus should be referred back to the Greek of Plutarch. One feels that the author has defrauded his readers on finding that the famous Lucretian passage about the handing on of the torch is given without the slightest indication that it is a translation of the still more famous sentence in the 'Laws' of Plato. On p. 262, Pliny's ever appropriate saying that "something new is always coming out of Africa" is not given as a translation from Aristotle, as it should be.

Mr. Harbottle's omissions are many and striking; every intelligent reader can make a list for himself, and later editions of the book will doubtless remedy the pardonable deficiencies of the first. We should have expected to find more of the *mensonges de l'antiquité*—those famous short sayings which historical etiquette has ascribed to great men—the "short speeches which fly abroad like darts and are thought to be shot out of their secret intentions." What though the Emperor Julian did not say "Vicisti, O Galilæe"? We demand that fiction of the Christian fathers, together with its Greek original, in a work of this sort. We have no time to read Suetonius, or Appian, or Tacitus; why, then, does Mr. Harbottle omit Vespasian's dying jest "Ut puto, deus fio," the "Philippis iterum me videbis" of daily quotation, and Galba's "Feri, si ex re sit Populi Romani"? We find here the immortal epitaph of Simonides, but not Cicero's translation of it—the celebrated "dic hospes Spartæ." The following are at any rate hackneyed enough to deserve a place: the *Surgit amari aliquid* and the *vivida vis animi* of Lucretius, the epitaph of Ennius, Seneca's *Ultima Thule*, Virgil's *arma amens capio*, and that passage which Fénelon never read without admiring tears, beginning *aude hospes contemnere opes;* that other line in the Second Æneid, *infelix simulacrum atque ipsius umbra Creusæ*, which St. Augustine would cite as typical of Pagan art from which the Christian must flee; the passage that is for ever associated with Pitt's great speech on the slave-trade when, at daybreak, he pointed to the sunrise that was gilding the windows of the House of Commons and uttered with tremendous effect the lines from the first Georgic,

> "Nos ubi primus equis Oriens afflavit anhelis,
> Illic sera rubens accendit lumina Vesper."

Another phrase that, as Tacitus himself would say, is conspicuous by its absence, is Tacitus's remark about Priscus, *etiam sapientibus cupido gloriæ novissima exuitur*, from which Milton drew his "last infirmity of noble mind." It is hard to trace this saying to its source. A Greek writer quoted by Athenæus tells us that Plato said that "love of glory is the last garment we discard in death," but it is of course not in Plato, and by the time that the Emperor Julian uses the phrase τὸν ἔσχατον χιτῶνα ἀποδύρασθαι, it had passed into a proverb. An interesting modern instance of its use is found in Chamfort's 'Dialogues entre Saint-Réal, Julien,' etc.:

"Julien loq. La gloire est la dernière passion du sage; c'est la chemise de l'âme, m'a dit tout à l'heure un philosophe aimable né parmi mes chers Gaulois.

"Saint Réal. Ah! je reconnais Montaigne."

This list by no means represents the omissions from the Latin Section that occur to us. In the Greek we miss Plato's ὁμοίωσις τῷ θεῷ, the μονόχρονος ἡδονή of Aristippus, Heraclitus's πάντα χωρεῖ—not to mention others no less famous. On p. 51 Seneca's translation of the Stoic hymn of Cleanthes is given, but Mr. Harbottle has omitted the original Greek. On p. 333 the earliest literary use of the "god from the machine" should have been traced to the 'Cratylus' of Plato. On p. 487 the phrase πολυτελὲς ἀνάλωμα χρόνος is quoted from Diogenes Laertius as a saying of Theophrastus; Antiphon, however, had said it long before him, and it is first recorded in Plutarch, 'Vit. Anton.,' 28. The 'Cratylus' is quoted as the authority for the Heraclitean saying that one cannot step twice into the same river—here the words of Heraclitus (p. 41) should have been quoted. It was Heraclitus, again, and not Herodotus, who said first that "men's ears are less trustworthy than their eyes."

Mr. Harbottle occasionally mistranslates. The most astonishing case is the familiar Horatian *fallentis semita vitæ*, which he renders (p. 67), "The pathway of my declining years"! In spite of Heraclitus we distrusted our eyes and passed on to p. 171, where *oderint dum probent* is mistranslated, "They will hate the doer while they approve the deed." On p. 372 Mr. Harbottle, in the passage from Epictetus, reads εὑροήσεις, but translates the reading of Stobæus εὑρήσεις. On p. 54 he has altogether missed in his translation the point of Seneca's "brave man pitted against fate—especially if he be the one that gave the challenge."

The book is marred by not a few misprints, which are especially to be deplored in a work of reference. It is a case of *corruptio optimi pessima*—a maxim that Mr. Harbottle should first take to heart and then include in a second edition. We note the following: p. 4, for negligemus read negligimus; p. 44, for immortalis, immortales; p. 57, for ardalionum, ardelionum; p. 274, for seculi, sæculi; p. 274, for Pliny reference read 97 for 98; p. 282, for invoivens, involvens; p. 283, for virtutis, virtutem; p. 328, for ἀμάρτη, ἀμάρτῃ; p. 333, for being, bring; p. 355, for κεκφέρῃ, κἀκφέρῃ; p. 368, for ἀδικείτο, ἀδικείτω; p. 394, for σημαινοῦσ', σημανοῦσ'; p. 402, for ὁμνύοισι, ὁμνύουσι; p. 417, for μεταφευτευείν, μεταφυτεύειν; p. 492, for ὠφέλεσεν, ὠφέλησεν; p. 514, for βραχὺ, βραχὺς.

When all has been said that can be said in criticism, our gratitude to Mr. Harbottle remains. Undeterred by a slight disconnection of plot, we found ourselves reading his book continuously with unflagging interest. Its faults are faults of detail, which can easily be removed in a later edition.

The Silva of North America: A Description of the Trees which grow naturally in North America, exclusive of Mexico. By Charles Sprague Sargent, Director of the Arnold Arboretum of Harvard University. Illustrated with figures and analyses drawn from nature, by Charles Edward Faxon. Vol. XI. Coniferæ. Pinus. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1897. Pp. 163, plates 55.

Of the seventy species of Pinus known to botanical science, about one-half (or, more exactly, thirty-four) are regarded as coming within the geographical limits of this work. The seventy species are survivors of a host, numbering a hundred or more, which flourished in the miocene tertiary. Some of these survivors have had a troubled life, and now find a temporary refuge in very restricted regions. How soon they may be forced to give up even these narrow habitations and relinquish their unequal contests with the fates, we cannot tell, but if pines, as was once thought, could speak or even whisper, they would doubtless complain of the great prosperity and wide diffusion of their more fortunate kinsfolk which flourish over vast areas. But the jealous pines which think they have fallen on evil times, and which are envious of those which grow thriftily over hundreds and hundreds of square miles, ought to be comforted by the reflection that this very prosperity of their relatives is the greatest peril of all, and that these widely diffused and numerous individuals are dangerously near their end.

For it is on these vast forests of pines and their allies that the selfishness of spendthrifts has cast its fatal glance. The scanty groups of survivors of all sorts of climatal hardships may continue to escape a while longer, but not so the thriving forests of vast extent. These latter seemed to be doomed to speedy extinction. Take the terrible illustration of the recent course in Congress. To our Senators and Representatives came word that a wise national policy of reservation and preservation of forests had been inaugurated. A commission of large experience, and containing not one unpractical member, framed a report showing what ought to be and could be done in saving our national heritage of forest trees. But, after a short period of apparent prosperity, the report began to meet with persistent opposition—some of it open, and much of it underhand. In few cases of opposition to a sound policy has the case for the opponents been more skilfully managed. Local prejudices were aroused, and all the vested interests took a quiet hand in the matter. Many persons who ought to have known better were confused by the clamor and scoffing, and were made to look upon the report as an impracticable scheme of doctrinaires who hardly knew a forest when they saw one, and doubtless some of our readers may have thought that the report regarding reservations went too far. The fact is, it hardly went far enough.

To all who feel that the report was a mistake, we commend the present volume. We advise them to glance through these pages, which present in a cautious but telling manner some of the economics of the pines. In addition to the careful presentation of these matters on conservative lines there has been given a great amount of interesting matter of a more trivial character, such as the utilization of the less important products of the plants. One of the most curious of these is the statement (on page 93, communicated to the author in a letter from M. W. Gorman) that a variety of the scrub pine, growing in

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Alaska, is employed by certain natives as a source of food. The bark of this tree is subjected to a complicated treatment, which ends in the production of a smoked cake, relished by the children, but a trifle too hard for the worn-down teeth of adults. On thinking over what the cakes must taste like, we feel like congratulating the adults on their happy escape. All the other foods derived from the pines are pretty fully given, and we may further say that the different uses are all well put. Nor has the wealth of historical allusion attaching to this genus been overlooked by the author. Therefore, with its botany and applied botany, the volume is uncommonly attractive.

It is impossible to praise too highly the excellence of Mr. Faxon's drawings. They are in every way as good as the best he has given before, and the reproduction of his plates is above the average of the preceding volumes. The whole work is highly creditable to the author and artist and to American botany.

Norwegian Grammar and Reader, with Notes and Vocabulary. By Julius E. Olson, Professor of Scandinavian Languages and Literature in the University of Wisconsin. Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Co. 1898. Pp. x + 330.

In order properly to justify the title of "Norwegian," applied to a grammar and reader, such a book should concern itself with the language and literature of the dialects of Norway, as well as with the common literary language and the literature which it embodies. The author dislikes, as he says in his preface, "the cumbersome and awkward term Dano-Norwegian," and has therefore discarded it. His book, in point of fact, is, nevertheless, a "Dano-Norwegian Grammar and Reader," in that he does not take the dialects into consideration in the grammatical part, and only incidentally exemplifies them in his "Reader."

It is, of course, quite apparent that the literary language of Norway is not by any manner of means coincident with the language of Denmark. It has, to quote the author, "numerous differences in pronunciation, vocabulary, and grammatical details," which the dialects and local environment have introduced and developed; but all these together have none the less not made Norwegian out of it. It is very much as if a grammar and reader of the English language in America were put forth with "American" instead of "English" on the title-page. There is a Norwegian literature in the same way that there is an American literature; but as truly as the latter is written in the English language, so truly, in a fundamental sense, is the former written in Danish.

The *raison d'être* of Prof. Olson's 'Norwegian' manual is, then, not essentially different from Groth's and Sargent's books, which have "Dano-Norwegian" in their titles. The grammar is inferior to Groth's, its defects particularly being a lack of precision in statement in the phonetic part and the general paucity of such material—points in which the latter work excels. Its inflections, however, are adequate, and the illustrative sentences in the main excellent. By far the best part of the book is the "Reader" and the accompanying "Notes"; the former being an excellent anthology of the literature of Norway since 1814, both in the selection of the material and in its arrangement, and the latter an admirable commentary upon it. There are, however, one or two surprising omissions. Norwegian dramatic literature, for instance, is represented by a single short extract from Ibsen's "Pretenders." Other citations from "the Master" are four lyrics and two public speeches, but there is nothing from any one of the social dramas, which, more than any other single element, have made him and the whole modern literature famous outside of Norway.

The most disappointing feature of all in a "Norwegian" reader, nevertheless, is the absence of Norwegian. In the present case this looks, too, very much like a neglected opportunity, for the author is apparently thoroughly cognizant of the field. The modern dialect literature of Norway is not only considerable in amount, but altogether remarkable for its vitality and vigor. This is particularly true of its prose; and Garborg, possibly the most notable writer in the popular dialect, has even been hailed, for his novels, as the herald of a new era in Norwegian literature—the era, as Scandinavian critics have called it, of the "Norwegian renaissance." The only specimens of this literature are four lyrics from Aasen, Vinje, Garborg, and Per Sivle, contained on as many pages of the "Reader."

The book, as a whole, in spite of what has been said, is a welcome addition to present subsidia, and as "an introduction to the study of Norwegian literature" will well meet what the author says is, in his idea, the essential need of the work.

The Life of Francis Place, 1771-1854. By Graham Wallas, M.A., Lecturer at the London School of Economics and Political Science. Longmans, Green & Co. 1898. Pp. x., 398. Portraits.

It is not known to all students of British political history that one of the personalities most efficient in promoting the growth of enlightenment and reform during the first half of the present century was a London tailor, who never sought to enter Parliament and who never held place or office. He was the associate and intimate friend of Bentham and the Mills, of Sir Francis Burdett, of Robert Owen, of Romilly and Richard Cobden and Grote. The library behind his shop in Charing Cross was for years a place of meeting for Liberal and Radical politicians in and out of Parliament. There reforms were discussed and agitations organized. There plans were laid for the return or defeat of members of Parliament. There were composed and there were circulated manifestoes that pulled down ministries. It was at once a library of political reference, a club-room, and a tract repository. This man was one of the organizers of effective trade combinations at a period when organization too often meant transportation. He was mainly instrumental in the repeal of the Combination laws, in the early advances of popular education, in the achievement of Reform, in the repeal of the newspaper-stamp duties, in the establishment of penny postage. In politics and religion he was the outcome of the French Revolution. His last efficient service was on the committee of the Anti-Corn Law League. This man was Francis Place. Joseph Hume, when near his end, wrote of him as having been "the most disinterested reformer he ever knew, valuable in council, fertile in resource, performing great labors; but he never thought of himself. Honors and advantage he might often have commanded, but he preferred assiduous and private services, which he tendered of his own zeal, and defrayed out of his own wealth." His carefully indexed letters and papers, his autobiography, his collections of newspaper cuttings, histories in MS. of the political events of his time, occupy cases of their own in the Library of the British Museum.

As a writer, Place was untrained, diffuse, and wandering; little use has, therefore, hitherto been made of the invaluable mine of materials left by him. We have here, admirably written, not alone his life, but an analysis and clear exposition of the principal movements in which he was engaged. It has required no small talent, no little labor, to construct such a narrative out of such material. It is assuredly a book that will live. The history of Francis Place's early struggles against adverse circumstances is as interesting as a novel. The main portion of the work is stiffer reading. The essential value lies in the details of political events many of which have their bearing upon the present. We realize, for instance, that seventy years ago as brilliant hopes were entertained as at the present day of universal happiness through collective ownership of land.

Francis Place was born in 1771 in a spunging-house kept by his father, a man of low character. He was apprenticed to a leather-breeches maker, and at nineteen, on fourteen shillings a week, married a girl two years his junior. She rose with him, and was the beloved companion of his early middle life, but never recovered the grinding hardships of the first years of their married life. A strike in which he took a leading part reduced them to the direst poverty. During the enforced idleness of that time, in their single room, a child dying of smallpox, and most of their effects pawned, he commenced that course of self-improvement which he carried on through life, and which led to his success. From being a journeyman, he began to deal in clothes, in 1799 opened a shop in Charing Cross, for a period definitely gave up every form of public life, and within a few years was in receipt of an annual income of several thousand pounds. The humiliations a man of his feelings and temperament had to endure at that period in achieving success in such an occupation are graphically described. As fortune smiled, he devoted himself more and more to public affairs. His library and writing-room behind the shop (a knowledge of the existence of which he concealed from his ordinary customers) became, as we have said, a place of call and a centre of political activity. When, yet in middle life, he retired from business, he still kept this room open as the best means by which he could hope to move the political life of his time. We have from his own pen a striking picture of himself in advanced life at Ford Abbey, visiting Bentham and the Mills, "pacing the walks from 10 to 2—four hours' hard work at Latin. I use all the care and diligence I possess or can command at this very, very difficult study." Much of his powers of accomplishment lay in that:

"I could dismiss a train of thought at pleasure and take up another, and could leave any business of any kind and go to something else, without any reference to the subject I had left; and when I concluded the new thoughts or finished the new business, I could revert to the old thoughts or business and take them up again where I had left them."

His enthusiasms were tempered by cool

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judgment. He occasionally passed through periods of hopelessness as to the possibility of moving society to its own good. At times he withdrew entirely from public life, soon again to be called back by his sense of duty or the claims of others. At times we find him pouring maledictions not a few on the insensibility of Parliament to generous feeling and public opinion. Like most men who have accomplished much, he expected more than has been realized from reforms. Writing in 1838: "'If general post letters were charged only one penny, . . . we should become a wiser and a better people than any which have ever existed, or even [been] contemplated as likely to exist." He never anticipated a time when, under a popular franchise, the votes of London, Manchester, and Birmingham would largely contribute to return a Conservative majority of 150 to the House of Commons. A second marriage ended unhappily. Place lost much of his property. But he retained his equanimity to the end, and spent the last years of his life in the society of children and grandchildren, pleasantly occupied with the arrangement of his papers. He died peacefully in his sleep in 1854, the excitement concerning the Crimean war causing the event to pass almost without notice. Doubtless many are by the example of such lives moved to the full training and use of their faculties. Other eager natures there are, endowed with but ordinary powers and ordinary abilities, who are led to strive and strain to little purpose—perhaps even to cloud with a sense of failure lives that otherwise might have passed happily, contented with every-day occupations.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alexander, J. W. Princeton—Old and New. Recollections of Undergraduate Life. Scribners. $1.25.
Babbitt, Irving. Taine's Introduction à l'Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 20c.
Biddle, A. J. D. Word for Word and Letter for Letter. London: Gay & Bird; Philadelphia: Drexel Biddle.
Biedermann, Prof. W. Electro-Physiology. Vol. II. Macmillan. $5.50.
Blondel, Auguste. The Revenge of Lucas Helm. Philadelphia: Drexel Biddle.
Boyd, C. E. Cases on American Constitutional Law. Chicago: Callaghan & Co.
Brown, Robert. Semitic Influence in Hellenic Mythology. London: Williams & Norgate; New York: Scribners. $2.50.
Bühler, Georg. The Sacred Laws of the Aryas. Part I. [Sacred Books of the East.] Christian Literature Co.
Burt, Mary E., and Cable, Mary B. The Eugene Field Book. Scribners. 60c.
Cæsar's Gallic War. Allen & Greenough's edition, reëdited. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Clarke, M. Story of Cæsar. American Book Co. 45c.
Coleridge, E. H. The Works of Lord Byron. Poetry. Vol. I. London: Murray; New York: Scribners. $2.
Coues, Elliott. The Journal of Jacob Fowler. 1821-22. [American Explorers Series.] F. P. Harper.
Everett, Edith T. A Duel with Destiny, and Other Stories. Philadelphia: Drexel Biddle.
France, Anatole. The Red Lily. Brentanos. $1.25.
George, A. J. The Shorter Poems of John Milton. Macmillan. 60c.
Giles, Marie F. Though Your Sins be as Scarlet. F. T. Neely.
Gillman, Henry. Hassan, a Fellah. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Gladden, Rev. Washington. The Christian Pastor and the Working Church. Scribners. $2.50.
Hadley, J. V. Seven Months a Prisoner. Scribners. 75c.
Hart, Prof. A. B. American History Told by Contemporaries. Vol. II. 1689-1783. Macmillan. $2.
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